Princeton Theological
L-38

T. Rennell dean of Winchester 1798.
He married a daughter of Judge Blackstone, by whom he has a son who is also in the Church. He was once suspected of being concerned in a foolish book called "The Pursuits of Literature" compiled by Mathias, & is the avowed author of several forgotten political sermons.

From "Statistics of the Ch. of England" 1836.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

A

SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis;
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.

PERS. SAT. I

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION *of The First Part,*
WITH A FEW ALTERATIONS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. OWEN, NO. 168, PICCADILLY.

1796.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader, if he will but read this Poem *twice*, is recommended to pass over *all the notes* on the *first* perusal, except when they are absolutely necessary to understand the passages which they are intended to illustrate. I give this hint, as it will be found of very singular use in perusing all works of importance, from the well noted pages of Mr. Gibbon's History, to my Poem. However, I shall never blush for any of my notes, though perhaps Mr. Gibbon has blushed for many of his; at least I sincerely hope so.

In regard to the matters which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to all men of ingenuity a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Llandaff's Chemical Essays, vol. iv. p. 257. It is this; "Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in "London, and on Sir Isaac's inquiring what *philosophical* "*pursuits* were carrying on at Cambridge, the Doctor re-"plied—none—for when you go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you "kill all the game; you have left us nothing to pursue."— "Not so, said the philosopher, you may start a variety of "game in every bush, if you will but take the trouble to beat

for

" for it." And so in truth it is," (observes Bishop Watson) " every object in nature affords occasion for philosophical " experiment." All I have to add is, that such a state of society and of literature as the present affords occasion for numerous *experiments* and observations, without any danger of mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of any former writer, or of any former poem. My intentions are just, and justifiable to reasonable men, who will reflect on what has passed and is passing before them. For I have not the spirit of Archilochus; for me, the fountain of Helicon shall still flow *unstained* and *gentle*.* But the words which are true shall be spoken in the face of the world; nor would I publish this Satirical Poem, but from a full conviction of its *tendency* to promote the public welfare, in its degree and according to its subject, when it is (if it ever should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.

* Αιμαξας Ελικωνα τον ημερον.

Anthol. Epig. in Archilochum.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL:

A SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

PART I.*

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I WHO once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,

* *I could wish that the Reader would peruse the whole Poem* once in continuation, *without referring to the Notes, except where an explanation may be* necessary. *I beg pardon for repeating what I observed in the Preface; but as there are persons who,* not unwisely, *pass over a Preface sometimes, such readers will excuse me.*

Still to the public raise no venal voice,
Proud of the daring freedom of my choice,
Through tracts aloft on random pinions rove,
Where borne by duty, or where led by love.

Yet not unconscious of this favour'd age,
I see *new lights* arise, new cares engage;
Not dubious, as of old, man's wisdom shines;
No RIGHT, but that of GOD o'er man, declines.
Teeming with metaphysics old and new,
Unheard or untried systems burst to view;
Systems which laugh to scorn heav'ns awful rod,
And hurl defiance to the throne of GOD;
Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
And grant no pause—but *everlasting sleep!* (*b*)
Blood-guiltiness their crime: with hell they cope;
No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope;
But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
The(*c*)sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.

New

(*b*) This alludes to the French decree which abolishes, *by law*, a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

(*c*) The French have also *decreed*, that in every church-yard, trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the

New lights on all, but on the Poet, rise,
Yet round he casts his unrepining eyes,
And owns well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest bard,
Bavius, (*d*) or Maro, finds *the same* regard;
Not as Augustus once with partial ray
Illum'd the rising glories of his day,
Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Fond, idle, dull complaint: pray what's your view?
Charters, or patents wish you to renew?

the tombs; and this sleep they *decree* to be *eternal*. N.B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published in 1794.—It may be so again, or may be so at this moment, 1796.

(*d*) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the consciousness of genius: he has the ground-work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently*: such compositions require secresy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early period

Yet ah! why write at all? The world's so fickle,
Scarce is there room for Sheridan (*e*) and Tickell. (*f*)
And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand,
The loud *Laurentian* (*g*) trumpet through the land
Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian (*h*) soul;
The

period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with satire. Mr. Pope suffered what he called *pure description, to hold the place of sense* for a long time before he took his proper station. The author of *The Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The *Albums*, the *Laura-Marias*, the *Jerninghams*, *Antony Pasquins*, *Mary Robinsons*, *Piozzis and Bozzi's*; the *Phillidas*, *Hypsipilas*, *vatum et plorabile si quid*. Unfortunately there are too many left.

(*e*) I am sorry to say of this extraordinary man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Unus *sceptra hotitus*, eâdem aliis sopitu' quiete est." Why is it so? Politics are transitory; wit is eternal.

(*f*) Since this was written, the public has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day; happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it. —I name with pleasure *Anticipation*, the *Wreath of Fashion*, *&c. &c. &c.*

(*g*) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political compositions of the Rolliad and the Probationary Odes, by Dr. Lawrence and company.

(*h*) I am sorry to perceive too much of the *contemptor divûm* in these compositions; and a little of it, as Mr. Burke says, on another occasion, is a great deal too much.

The DOCTOR may for Fox and Portland vouch,
With spectacles on nose, (*i*) but empty pouch.
Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore?
Or why to genius give one victim more?

AUTHOR.

'Tis SUMMER:—all conspire to waste my time;
Languor, and heat, and solitude, and rhyme,
With all that drops scarce heeded from the press,
Where witlings strive to make their little less;
And they, whom fame and science stamp their own,
Or quit the field of life, or listless grown,
(*k*) Review their trophies with an idle pride,
Sick of the dunces rising by their side.

(*i*) Shakespeare says, "*With spectacles on nose, and pouch on* "*side.*" I am contented simply to admire *Doctor* Lawrence's spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify *his pouch*: though he beſt knows what *mines* may be sprung in the neighbourhood of Bulstrode and Beaconsfield.

(*k*) I allude to such publications as, "*Prose on several Occasions,* "*accompanied by some pieces in Verse. By George Colman, (Senior.)*" I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

If I *may* write, let Proteus (l) PRIESTLEY tell,
He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well ;
Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
May not I strive amid this motley throng,
All pale and pensive as I muse along ?

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis true you may : but o'er this ocean wide
Ah ! where's the chart your daring prow to guide ?

Say

(*l*) *Proteus Priestley.*—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta* ; now our Proteus gives *precept upon precept, line upon line ; here a little and there a little ;* and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the public, *without any compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, "*Utrum Chimæra bombilians in vacuo possit commedere secundas intentiones.*" But I shall leave the Doctor to the care of Bishop Horsley.*

* As to Dr. Priestley's *King-killing* wishes and *opinions* take a few words: "IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was *such*, that THE SENTENCE (*of* DEATH *on Charles the First*) could not be passed *by the* WHOLE NATION OR THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, solemnly ASSEMBLED *for that purpose.*" *Priestley on Government*, p. 39. How must this *Reverend Deputy elect* to the National Convention of France have *exulted* on the 21st of Jan. 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*.——The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley's character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their *direct tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear or horror!

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre?

Go

(*m*) *Pindar's lyre.*—In this verse I speak of the *great Theban*, but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust; he has the power of rhyming ludicrously and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and, finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. This obscure man has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the public notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence, and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment *from his works*, and not from acquaintance with the man. Yet I hear that he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit, because, forsooth, he has told us, in some trumpery ode, of the necessity of a *king* or a *log*, or a *nail*; after he has perpetually reviled, and held up to scorn, every master principle by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say, honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile and sometimes be pleased with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart, that *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
Demersus, summa rursum non bullit in unda.

N.B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO, *or* TWO GUINEAS *in four volumes* 8*vo*.!!!—What an inducement to a purchaser!

Go then, and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day,
The self-supported melancholy GRAY: (*n*)
What though he scann'd great Nature's ample store,
And cull'd each flow'r that bloom'd on Tiber's shore,
Unfoster'd pass'd his life's long wayward spring;
No genial warmth, no ray from Britain's King:
Each pamper'd abbot, cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance.
With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward*; (*o*)
Saw year o'er year in hopeless study pass,
'Till, some few grains yet ling'ring in his glass,
He rose late-heeded by patrician care, (*p*)
Though private friendship help'd him to the chair.

Saw you not MASON stand with down-cast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by?

'Till

(*n*) This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the consideration of his *Memoirs* and *Letters*, published by Mr. MASON.

(*o*) "I am thy exceeding great reward."
Genesis, chap. xv. ver. 1.

(*p*) He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor, at the particular recommendation (as was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER.

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts *Macgreggor* (*q*) with dilated might.

Have you not seen neglected PENROSE (*r*) bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?
Content a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.

To worth untitled would your fancy turn?
The Muse all friendless wept o'er MICKLE's urn:
MICKLE

(*q*) See the *Heroic Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroic Postcript* to the Public, by Malcolm Macgreggor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture, and I must own that the *Epistle to Shebbeare*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, attributed to the same author, have diminished my confidence in its probability. But as I had written the lines, they may stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of *Musæus* and the *Druid* minstrels have still their charms, and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of *Elfrida*. The *English Garden*, though with some faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste.

(*r*) *See the Flights of Fancy*, 4to. by *Thomas Penrose, Curate of Newbury, Berks.* The names of the poems alluded to are, *The Helmets*, *The Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*.—He published these *himself*, and no more; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published *by friends*, except he directed the publication after his decease.

MICKLE, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride. (*s*)

AUTHOR.

Must I then suit the temper of these times?
Degrade the Muse to mere *historic* rhymes?
Must I be told in some sagacious page,
That I'm the finest poet of the age?
And that with grave solemnity so sad,
Faith, 'tis enough to make poor HAYLEY (*t*) mad.
No: though in vain I may attempt to please,
I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

What?

(*s*) WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, a man of genius, and great poetical powers. He translated the *Lusiad of Camoens*, in a free paraphrastic manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of such a work.

(*t*) *Hayley.*—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi rectè, nam *ut multum* nil moror.
The notes which Mr. Hayley has written on his various poems are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the *art of blotting*, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and *preserved* it; but as he is in general too feeble and prolix, consequently, &c. &c. See Horace.

What?—from the Muse, by *cryptogamic* (*v*) stealth,
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?
Itching for novel subjects, novel dreams,
Rouse great LINNÆUS from his sober themes:
In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines,
With *lucid* language, and most dark designs,
In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains
Pant for a *pystill* in botanic pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
Bid the soft virgin violet expire? (*x*)

Is

(*v*) See the *Botanic Garden, and Loves of the Plants*, by Dr. Darwin, of Lichfield. I wish men would peruse the treatise *de Causi Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, before they attempt by *prettinesses*, glittering words, *points*, conceits, and forced thoughts, to sacrifice propriety, and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse (if I may be allowed to use *Sancho*'s phrase a little metaphorically) "want *better bread* than is made of wheat." It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would, in the words of a true poet, "Look through nature up to—*Nature*'s GOD!" Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy; but I will not cease to repeat that *good writing* and *good poetry* require something more:

Ου γαρ εν μεσοισι κειται
Δωρα δυσμαχητα Μοισᾶν
Τω 'πιτυχοντι φερειν.

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze,
On wings of modish song, or feet of modish prose? (*y*)
To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby,
Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied *abbey*; (*z*)
Or some *Warkworthian* hermit song endite,
Such ditties rare as ancient girls could write?

Or must I tempt some *Novel's* lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er *Celestina* stream;
With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato (*a*) might approve;

With

(*x*) I would just hint, that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*.

(*y*) *Modish Prose.*—I allude to the poising of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style is abandoned and lost.

(*z*) Such trash as a pamphlet called *Kilkhampton Abbey*, *&c.* *&c.* *&c.* in short, the whole *mugitus labyrinthi*.

(*a*) The late venerable *Earl Camden* (once Lord High Chancellor of England) is said to have learned *Spanish* very late in life, to read the romances in that language, having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian. All the world knows that *Cato* learned *Greek*, at sixty years of age, to read the *romances* in that tongue.

With moving scenes and manners picturesque,
From morn to night incumbent o'er my desk;
'Till nature sicken while she hears me call
The strange distorted scene, quite *natural*.

In *Travels for the Heart* and not the head,
From post to pillar, and from board to bed,
Thro' climes of various woe the pilgrim lead
'Till Walpole raves, and master-misses bleed.

OCTAVIUS.

If these disgust, to serious thoughts attend,
And make serene Philosophy your friend.
Pen some choice *Fragment* (*b*) in the genuine taste,
Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste;

Smart

(*b*) Alluding to the swarm of free-thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the public has been pestered. It is hoped that the interference of the legislature and the constitutional exertions of private societies have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the controul of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a *jury*, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority are necessary.

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught,
Neat be the types, and the vignettes high-wrought:
With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye,
Treason, the pile, the basis, blasphemy: (*d*)
Free from dull order, decency and rule,
With dogmas fresh from the *Sans-Souci* school;
With definitions vague and terms mysterious,
Seeming humility, but tone imperious;
Mankind's

But he is chiefly to be consulted, who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, who, I say, *hath stood between the dead and the living*, and *stayed the plague*, EDMUND BURKE; greater and brighter in the decline than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be an injury to name the works whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

OMNES
Admonet, et MAGNA testatur VOCE per umbras,
DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS.

(*d*) *The basis, blasphemy.*---This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some *new* theory of *general* good: so very *general*, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the National Assembly and Convention of France: "Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones (COELUM ET MARE *prætermiserunt, cætera complexi sunt*) publice *data*, ASSIGNATA, *vendita*!" Cic. de Leg. Agr. Orat. 3---Mirabeau *began* with these memorable words: "Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut *commencer* par *decatholiciser la France.*"

Mankind's meek friend, and *Nature*'s gentle priest,
Laugh at Confucius, and next aim at CHRIST ; (*e*)
Then

(*e*) One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is that intitled, "LES RUINES : *ou Meditation sur les Revolutions des Empires par Mr.* VOLNEY, *Deputé à l'Assemblée Nationale en* 1789." It is written with some spirit, and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is *now* called *Philosophy*. The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed *natural*. Mr. V. wishes to convince mankind that every pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions; and all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so *from the beginning of it*, though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is a "*Siecle d' Affranchissement pour un grand Peuple, et d' Esperance pour* TOUTE LA TERRE!!" p. 88. The real ignorance of this man on the subject of true religion is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of what he calls the *Filiation* of religions (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says; "ON RECONNOIT, that is, "We acknowledge without hesitation, in one word, that all the theological doctrines on the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on the revelation of his laws, the appearance of his person, are nothing more than recitals of astronomical facts, and figurative and emblematical stories of the play of the constellations!!!!" p. 167. I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impose for *the truth*, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry,
the

Then bending low, with equal reverence search
The storied portico, and sainted church;
Till, wheedling round with metaphysic art,
I steal Religion from th'unguarded heart,
And in the seesaw undulating play
The moral chorus dies in words away.

Till,

the worship of the stars, the two principles or *dualism* (a little more French jargon) the *monde animé*, and the *monde machine*, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes *Christianity*. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares that Christianity *consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun, under the cabalistical names of Chris-en, or Yes-us or Jesus!!!!* "Christianisme ou culte allegorique "du *Soleil*, sous les noms *cabalistiques* de *Chris-en* ou *Yes-us* "ou *Jesus*!!" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices!* Read any one of the four Evangelists, and give your own answer. The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other power he possesses; for he requires of his reader *only* the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge: yet he demands the admission of *all his* allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, *il n'y a point de doute*) and then the world is emancipated and delivered. From what?—from credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes *the priests murmur*. I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral, and mental. This is but a *specimen* of such writers to whom we are to bow as the *deliverers* of mankind from *superstition*, and the directors of our minds in the ways of *truth*. *Professing themselves wise they are become fools!*—Volney's book has been translated for the good of England!

Thence careless saunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
Tune to your listless lyre some *Crazy Tale*;(*f*)
Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name,
Content with scribling, and ambiguous fame,
From laws of metre free, which idly serve
To curb strong genius and his swelling nerve:
And as you dress the motley-rhyming feast,
(Then most affected when it seems the least)
In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,
Like girls that deck with flow'rs Priapus' bust. (*g*)

(*f*) See *Crazy Tales*, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

(*g*) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical.*

* A friend of mine would *insist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in 4to, on the WORSHIP of PRIAPUS, (in 1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published, but distributed liberally, without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think. As I hope the treatise may be forgotten, I shall not name the author, but observe, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious and degrading protrusion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated* I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in their private studies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness with the monster Tiberius in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreæ.—*Essays on Landscape* may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is conversant with Greek writers, and is now *at a certain time of life*, I recommend to him a sentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ——— would be thought a *philosopher*: Σοφια πρωτον ἁγνη εστιν, επειτα ειρηνικη.

Go, turn to MADAN, and in gospel truth,
And *Thelypthoric* (*h*) lore, instruct our youth:
Some plain positions lay, as simply thus;
Marriage (*i*) *consists* in—*actu cöitûs*:
Laymen may have ten wives; poor priests but one:
Then growl at British laws in surly tone,
That "loving man must grind with loving wife
In *mold asinariâ* during life."

Or THICKNESS-like, (*k*) give useful *Hints for Health*,
For public good, though not for private wealth;

Like

(*h*) See a book intitled *Thelypthora*, or *The Causes of Female Ruin*; in 3 vols. 8vo.

(*i*) These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself; and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N.B. If in this, and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expressions *rather strong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect: for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning: "The *ancient satirists* often used great liberty in their expressions; but *their* "freedom no more resembles *this* licentiousness, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute." HUME's *Hist. of Eng.* vol. viii. p. 334. (*Si sic omnia!*)

(*k*) Mr. THICKNESS, in his *Valetudinarian's Bath Guide*, dedicated to the Earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANSDOWNE,

Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath.

AUTHOR.

The fates forbid. 165

OCTAVIUS.

If so, with SHERLOCK (*l*) write,
(Martin he is, why not Scriblerus hight?)
And with majestic Popes in long array
Epigrammatic (*m*) Cardinals display.

DOWNE, has these words: "*I myself am now turned of sixty, and in* "*general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely in* "*body and mind*; yet having always *partaken of the breath of young* "*women whenever they lay in my way*, I feel none of those infirmi- "ties which so often strike my eyes and ears in this great city, "in men much younger than myself." Chap. v. to which Mr. T. has put *his own* name, and he is rather a voluminous author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian:—*Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piangé.*

(*l*) Travels by Martin Sherlock.

(*m*) The reader may not immediately guess what is meant by an *epigrammatic Cardinal*.—Take this great author's words: "Of all the sovereigns whom I have seen, the Pope *acts majesty* "*the best*: the Cardinals are *like* MARTIAL'S *Epigrams*; (and "why? Because—) some are *good*, some *bad*, and some *indiffe-* "*rent*." Trav. Part I. Ed. 4to. p. 32.

Or bound with BARRINGTON in charming spell,
Of Irish (*o*) trouts with gizzard-stomachs tell;
While

(*o*) This alludes to a *very ingenious* account transmitted to the Royal Society, in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the *gizzard-like stomach*. "The first time, "(says the Honourable Mr. BARRINGTON) I ever happened "to hear of this singular fish, was from an *Irish Judge*, who "being on the Connaught Circuit, at *Ballynrobe*, in the County "*Mayo*, expressed his *incredulity* with regard to their existence; "but was obliged to pay the *common Irish wager* of a *rump of beef*, "*and a dozen of claret*, on three or four being produced the next "day from a neighbouring lake." The Honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these *gizzard stomachs* are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself); but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could *corroborate* this fact, were it "necessary, by *the testimony of an Irish Archbishop*." From an *Irish Archbishop*, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an *English Fishmonger*, and *declares* with great *solemnity*, "I have "shewn the *stomach to Mr.* EVERETT *of Clare Market, a very in-* "*telligent fishmonger*, who *declares*, that though he has *cut up* thou- "sands of trouts and salmons, he never observed any thing si- "milar in the inside!" See (what are called) PHILOSOPHICAL *Transactions*, 1774, page 116. *Euge, bene, recte.* I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera *stomachum* laxare saginis,
Et *tua servatum* consume *in sæcula rhombum.*
JUV. S. iv. v. 67.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, even from *Ballynrobe* to *Clare-market*; then come, in long array, *incredulous Irish judges*, and *rumps of beef*, with *dozens of claret*, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any *trout* stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops*, and INTELLIGENT *English*

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds
Prim BLAGDEN pants, and damns (*t*)'em as he reads.

AUTHOR.

Trouts, wives, and mistresses?—fish, flesh, and fowl:
Who for variety abroad shall prowl?
Yet hear me once, my questions soon shall end:
Few men to sense, but most to nonsense, tend.
Must I, like CHATTERTON, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)
Rouse some new ROWLEY (*s*) from a steeple's height;

Th'ex-

English Fishmongers, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of *beautiful language*, and *deep research*, to convince the R. S. of the existence of *gizzard-stomach'd trouts*. Yet this R. S. not only receives all this nonsensical icthyological farrago, but *selects* it for publication by THEIR COUNCIL. Of Mr. Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak with pleasure; but when such a learned man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such stuff, for the edification of Europe, I have *selected* this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for public notice, that men of real abilities (as I acknowledge Mr. B. most readily) may be rendered cautious how they *commit* themselves and the societies to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note.

(*t*) It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES *Blagden* (the Secretary to the R. S.) is given to profane swearing when he is tired on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise till the *Council* will

Th' existence then of non-existence prove,
And make some think me mad, or else in love?

Like HARDWICKE, (*t*) shelves with gossip volumes
Of *Baby Charles*, and Jemmy's *slave and dog*: [clog,
Of

will exert some discrimination, and refuse to shelter themselves under their foolish declaration of not answering, as a *body*, for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable for its own *sense* or *nonsense*, AS A BODY, unless they chuse to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "CORPUS SINE PECTORE!"

(*q*) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the *New* Biographia Britannica, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They *who have time*, may read Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor critics (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan would say,) on this *important* subject: but I have read something about *vitæ summa brevis*, &c. &c. and confine myself to the *general view* of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehensive Essay.

(*r*) "I am the *veriest varlet* that e'er *chew'd*;" says Falstaff in Henry IV. Part I. Act 2.—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not, however, seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all*. See the *Starvation* Act, *dated* at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's Life as above, &c.

(*s*) As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of it is, *magno conatu magnas nugas*; but they are trifles rather pleasant. I am sure Dr. Milles *proved* a pleasant subject for that chef-d'œuvre the *Archæological Epistle*.

(*t*) See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, published in 1773, by the late

Of Lorkin's (*v*) diligence 'bout lords' arrears,
With trumpery notes of long-forgotten peers?

Shall I new anecdotes from darkness draw,
Which e'en all-seeing HORACE (*n*) never saw;
Prefix some painting or antique vignette,
To please old BOYDELL's fond subscribing set,
With *wire-wove* (*x*) *hot press'd* paper's glossy glare
Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare.

Or

late Lord HARDWICKE, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from *Baby Charles's* dear Dad and Gossip, James the First, and his *slave and dog*, Steenie Buckingham, &c. &c.

(*v*) "Mr. LORKIN doth use *miraculous diligence* about your "Lordships' arrears." *State Papers, vol.* 1. p. 631. N. B. It often requires *miraculous diligence*, even in these days, to *get at one's* arrears. *See* the Lords of the Treasury *if you can* get a sight of them. I never could.

(*n*) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford.

(*x*) All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philosophical* Transactions, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a society) and Major RENNELL's learned Memoir on Hindostan; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at and not read. As to the fury for *prints and cuts*, even *Blackstone's Commentaries* are now published in numbers, by a *six-penny professor* of law, adorned with *pretty cuts*; and I hear that *the Six-penny Professor*, Mr. Christian, has promised a fine *whole length* of a *Nisi Prius*, and a *rich view* of a Chancery suit *in perspective*, by Bartolozzi, who will either engrave them *himself*, or *lend his name*, which is *now* the same thing with some artists, at least the public think

Or must I as a wit with learned air,
Like Doctor Dewlap, (*y*) to *Tom Payne*'s (*z*) repair;
Meet Cyril Jackson, (*a*) and mild *Cracherode*; (*b*)
'Mid literary gods, myself a god:
There

think so. As to these *wire-weavers* or *drawers* of *paper* and *hot-pressers*, muſt we say to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, " Quousque frustra pascetis *ignigenos* istos?" Surely this foolery muſt soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own works*, on a *wire-wove* paper and *hot-pressed*, would imitate the honesty of Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar star, who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his *wonderful* book on Oriental Gardening; " It contains (says the knight) *besides* " *a great deal of nonsense*, two very *pretty prints* by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for *Sept.* 1793.—While this note was printing, I was informed that COKE UPON LYTTLETON, *with Hargrave's notes*, is advertising to be published on a *wire-wove paper*, and *hot-pressed*. This folly, by such a proceeding, must surely sign its own death-warrant. I wish, to be sure, some of our *Statutes at Large* could be a little *wire-drawn* and *hot-pressed* by a Committee of *Parliamentary* Printers and Compositors. I dare say, Lord Stanhope would *correct the press* with much pleasure.

(*y*) Put for any portly Divine, *né pour la digestion*, as Bruyere would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy.

(*z*) Not that detestable fellow whom we all execrate, and who is now *with* or *without* a *head* in France, I hope in the *fashion* of that country (in 1794)—but one of the best and honestest men living, Mr. Thomas Payne Senior, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this with *Trypho Emeritus* with great satisfaction.

(*a*) The present Dean of Christ-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning in OUR University.

(*b*) A rich, learned, and moſt amiable man (to uſe the words of the

There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
In the Greek Aldus, or the Dutch Frobenius;
And for th' edification of their souls,
Quote *plesaunt* sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*.
Hold! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me measure,
And rate the separate value of each treasure:
Eager they gaze—"Well Sirs, the feat is done;
"Cracherode's *Poëtæ Principes* (*c*) have won:"
In silent exultation down he sits,
'Mong well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.
Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop;
And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
'Twas *Doctor* DEWLAP spoke to *Mister* BRYANT. (*d*)

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age,
When learning's varied cares the mind engage,
Stood

the son of Sirach) furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation. His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

(*c*) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets. All literary men, from the little *Bibliopolish* Doctor G. well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin*-measuring, and the profit of it.

(*d*) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy. See more in the *Second Part* of this poem.

Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
Pray'd for Professors of plain common ſenſe.
But say, what think you of the tragic Stage?

AUTHOR.

No—you'll excuse me there, I know this age.
What? like some dismal garretteering bard,
Make full-stuft, friend-cramm'd houses my reward;
Hot from the French (*b*) Aristotelian school,
Plan tragedies exact by line and rule;
To the high gods address my first appeal,
Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal;
While round my temples many a tendril plays
Of owlish ivy with the Mævian bays;
Close up in mournful pomp the tragic rear,
When Jephson (*c*) scarce can gain the public ear.

OCTAVIUS.

Still there are walks which lead to sure renown,
In the lay-habit or the sacred gown;

Still

(*b*) There are some deep critics who read Aristotle in French, and quote him in Greek.

(*c*) *Jephson*:—Author of *Braganza*, *The Count of Narbonne*, &c. My wish is,

Grande munus
Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.—But no more dull *Roman Portraits*.

Will stamp your credit at an easy price,
Learn'd and ingenious, (*d*) or a *Vir Clariſs*:
Take *Markham's Armorie*,(*e*) John Taylor's *Sculler*,(*f*)
Or *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, (*g*) or proverbial *Fuller*;
With

(*d*) Any person who communicates *even a single note* to the modern editors of Shakespeare, is stiled the *learned* and *ingenious* Mr. two stars * *: the title of *Vir Clarissimus* is appropriated to the commentators on the Greek and Roman classics, and often with the same propriety.

(*e*) The names of some few books of that vast system of *coglionerie*, or *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, which is called forth to illustrate our old dramatic writers. It is high time that the reader of sense should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOUROUS CRITICS." The first chapter of *Markham's Booke of Armorie* is intitled, "*The* "*Difference between Charles and Gentleman;*" and it ends thus: "From the offspring of *Gentlemanly Japhet* came Abraham, "Moses, Aaron, and the Prophets, *&c. &c.*; also the King of "the right line of *Mary*, of whom that only *abſolute Gentleman* "*Jeſus* was born, gentleman by his mother Mary *Princeſſe* of "coat-armour, &c."---Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you *all this is so*, and QUOTED too, Hen.V. vol. ix. p. 441, edit. 1793; though you may begin with a staring doubt.

(*f*) John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole Ken"nel of Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and Jesuits, "Mastiffs, Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-tail'd "Tykes, &c. &c. &c.

(*g*) Old plays intitled, "Sir Giles Goosecap, Pierce Pennyless's "*Supplication to the Devil*, Webster's *White Devil*, *The Merry* "*Devil*

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of *Gibbe our cat*, (*h*) white *Devils*, or *old Vice*;
Then

" *Devil of Edmonton*, &c. &c. &c.; in short, *toute la diablerie* " *dramatique*."

(*h*) *Of Gibbe our Cat*.---Falstaff says, " I am as melancholy as " a GIBBE-CAT." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the Commentators are right pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins, " A *Gibbe* " cat means, *I know not why*, an *old* cat." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a *Gib*-cat in Northamptonshire, means a *He*-cat, which in some part of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropshire a *tup* cat. Then follow other wise critics, and last of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this important question, shewing *how* GIB is short for Gilbert, and *Tib* for Tibert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and *Tom* to a pigeon; *how* Chaucer, in his Romaunt de la Rose, mentions *Gibbe our Cat*, to which *Tib* was synonimous, as it is at this day; *how* we read in *Gammar Gurton's Needle* (which is a right pleasant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. " Hath no man stolen her ducks, or *gelded* GIBBE her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton very *gravely* observes, " the compo- " sure of a cat is almost characteristic, and *I know not*, (see Dr. " Johnson's words above) whether there is not a superior *solem-* " *nity in the gravity* of a HE-CAT." Mr. Steevens says, " A " *Gib cat* is a cat *qualified for the seraglio*, for all animals so mu- " tilated become *drowsy* or *melancholy*." Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own gravity* and that of their *brother-commentators* was in consequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Pharagi's great Babylonish chapter, " De " Semiramide, Sapientibus ejus & *Eunuchis*, &c.") To be sure they do sympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate *Gibbe-cat*. For my own part, I neither can, nor if I could would I, decide this momentous question; and will only add, (without being in the least *melancholy* or *grave* myself) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman muse, " *Propria quæ maribus* tribuuntur, *mascula* dicas."

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,
Cap'ring with Banks's *Bay Horse in a Trance:* 235
The *Housewife's Jewel* read with care exact,
Wit from old *Books of Cookery* (*i*) extract:
Thoughts

L. 233. OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a *part*, (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. "Old "Vice was a droll character in our old plays, accoutered with a "long coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, and a dagger of lath. "This buffoon character was used *to make fun with the devil*, and "he had several trite expressions, as, "I'll be with you in a "trice---ah-hah, boy, are you there? &c." and this was *great* "*entertainment* to the audience to see their *old enemy* so belaboured "in effigy. *Vice* seems to be an abbreviation of *Vice-devil*, as "*Vice-roy*, *Vice-doge*, &c. and THEREFORE called *very properly* "THE VICE. He makes very free with his master, *like* most "other *Vice-roys* or *Prime-ministers*, SO THAT he is the devil's *Vice* "or Prime-minister. And, (adds Mr. Upton) *this* it is which "*makes him so saucy*." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Rich. III. act. iii. sc. 1. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy most *logically* deduced. This personage has been much patronized of late in France, where every species of VICE, old or new, is exercised and used *without any abbreviation*, to speak with Mr. Upton.

(*i*) *Books of Cookery.*—I am afraid that these extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The sinful Suburbs of* "*Cookery*." Mr. Collins, (in his Potatoe-note, at the end of Troilus and Cressida) extracts, without a blush, from the *Good Housewife's Jewel*, a receipt with all the ingredients AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a* COURAGE *to a man or woman.*" And this is but a specimen.

Non more probo; cum carmina *lumbum*
Intrant, et tremulo *scalpuntur ubi intima* versu.

Thoughts to *ſtewed prunes* and *kiſſing comfits* suit,
Or the *potatoe*, (*k*) vigour-stirring root:

And

(*k*) The commentators on Shakespeare are peculiarly, and even zealously, studious in minutely explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded or recommended for the service of the *Queen of Love* and soft desire. Whole pages are *filled* with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kissing comfits*, *stewed prunes*, the virtues of *potatoes*, *eringo-root*, &c. &c. Must these comments be stiled the "*Pauca* suo Gallo *quæ vel legat ipsa* Lycoris?" I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These *fair* editors *give all they can, nor let us dream the rest.*

After a very long note on *stewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens, * vol. v. p. 375, edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, Edit. 1793, (which see,) *The Reverend* Doctor Farmer adds, very properly: "Mr. Steevens has *so fully* discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, "that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum* Fabricio; Juv. S. 4.)—and *therefore*, adds the *Reverend* "Doctor, in a *piece* called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595, "we have "a stock of wenches set up with their *stewed prunes*, "nine for a tester." At other times these subjects are explained in the learned languages, (for *the use* of scholars) as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. "Urticæ marinæ omnes *pruritum* quendam movent, et acrimoniâ "suâ Venerem *sopitam* et extinctam *excitant.*" Johnston. Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aq. p. 56. I protest I sometimes think these reverend or ir-reverend commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his apology for Smectymnus calls) "*Old Prelateſſes* with all their young *Corinthian*

* Mr. Steevens, in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious prunes, and virtuous bulbs; "Such, (says he) as would be acquainted with *the propriety* of Falstaff's "allusion to *stewed prunes*, should *not be disgusted* at a multitude of instances, &c. "&c. &c."——N. B. Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it wont do.

And then returning from that antique waste,
Be hail'd by Parr, (*l*) THE GUIDE OF PUBLIC TASTE!

AUTHOR.

" *thian* Laity." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend* DOCTOR Farmer, of Mr. *Collins*, (the potatoe-critic), &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, *a tempest of provocation*, printed by themselves at the end of Troilus and Cressida. This *useful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of " *Love's Labour Lost.*"

(*l*) The Reverend Dr. Parr, in his dedication of " Tracts of " Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789) note 8. p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that " *Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer*, and *Tyrwhitt*, have " come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE PUBLIC TASTE." To be sure he has added, " Mr. *Steevens*, the *two Wartons*, BURKE, " and in his critical capacity, Dr. JOHNSON." But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. To the names of *Burke* and *Johnson* who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. Steevens's classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said; yet all he has *acknowledged as his own writing*, consists of notes on Shakespeare. Every one must regret that the *History of English Poetry* was left unfinished by its lamented and learned author; and as to his brother Joseph's pleasant *Common-Place Book* on Pope, * it was always amusing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Public Taste* is given to *Malone*, *Reid*, *Farmer*, and *Tyrwhitt*, who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my English Dictionary for the meaning of the words *guide* and *taste*.

I have selected this passage from the splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and strength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to

* *Dr. Warton is about to publish a new Edition of Pope's Works in 8vo. I think it would be adviseable to print a new Edition of them at the same time* IN QUARTO, as it is very much wanted.

AUTHOR.

What ?—must I enter the dramatic course;
Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse ?
All that for Massinger and Beaumont stickle,
But leave their authors in a wretched pickle ;
From

to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence ; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate, * now in *full age* and *hoary holiness*. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man ; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man ? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice tracts which their authors long wished to give over to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time, and in another place. I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct, by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's *own* words) " *from* " *the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms of* (Dr. Parr's) " *polemic phrenzy ;* from *all the laughable and all the loathsome* " *singularities which float upon the surface of* his, (Dr. Parr's) *dic-* " *tion ;* nor can I *hang with fondness* and *admiration over the crowded* " *yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through* (Dr. " Parr's) *works*, p. 151." &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English, and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe ?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) " I'll be cursed if " this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *first part* of my poem to Dr. Parr.--I refer my reader to the *Second Part*, in which the Doctor makes a more public and distinguished entry.

* Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

From CAPELL steal, yet never own the theft,
And then desert (*m*) him of his store bereft.
Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard!
CAPELL, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,
And may this feeble verse to life and light
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.
Must I *write notes*, which all so piercing bright,
" Let in the object and let out the light?"

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines.

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron** of SHAKESPEARE.---This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the Poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him *the Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakespeare*. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those who, in the poet's own words,

> " To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel* critics,
> *Came sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs."

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to. was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth, that we had nothing to learn on the subject. *Indeed!* — I am pleased, however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-wove paper*, and *hot-pressed*.

* The ὁ Προστατευων.

For murder'd SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by COMMENTATING (o) zeal?

On

(o) I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until full *seven years after his death* that his plays were *first* collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, *Hemminge* and *Condell*. They likewise *corrected* a *second* edition in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that *no other* edition of his works was attempted till *eighty-two years* after that time, when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions: on their several merits this is not the place to speak. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in four volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to, in Shakspeare's life-time or before the Restoration. It is printed *verbatim*, from the old copies, and is a most curious and valuable edition. Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that "*no proof* can be given that the "poet *superintended the publication of any one of these himself.*" Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the *genuine text* of this great poet? I am not speaking of *conjectural* criticism, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation, which is of real consequence, but of the *actual words* themselves, as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the *play-house ma-*

wholly

* When this note was written (in 1794) Mr. Ireland had not *discovered* the Shakspeare *manuscripts*, many of which he has since published *by subscription*. I believe Mr. Malone's Enquiry, (in 1796) as well as common sense, has taught us what to think of *the originality* of the Plays and MSS. *given* to Mr. Ireland or his Son.——This subject is considered in the Second Part of "The "Pursuits of Literature."

On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON (*p*) mourn,
By fell Black-Letter Dogs in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
All well broke-in by *Coney-catching* (*q*) *Art:*
Hark,

nuscript copy was the only one to which they could refer, and no MSS. whatsoever existed after their time.* Shakspeare appears wholly to have neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

(*p*) Videre CANES; primusque *Melampus*,
Pamphagus et Dorceus, velox cum fratre *Lycisca*,
Ichnobatesque sagax, et villis *Asbolus* atris,
Nebrophonosque valens, et trux cum Lælape *Theron*,
Labros et *Agriodos*, et acutæ vocis *Hylactor*,
Quosque referre mora est;—ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ,
Qua via difficilis, *quàque est via nulla*, sequuntur.
Heu famulos fugit IPSE suos: clamare libebat,
ACTÆON *Ego sum;* DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. iii.

N. B. It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphosis of commentators will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English *black-letter* dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that Κυνες signify Οι Ιερεις: though certainly *the Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

(*q*) The singularity of this term (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention, as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the com-

Hark, JOHNSON (*r*) smacks his lash, loud sounds the din:
Mounted in rear see STEEVENS *Whipper-in*,
Rich with the spoils of learning's **black** domain,
And guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.

Lo!

commentators than "Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*; Greene's "*Ground-work of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Defence of Coney-catch-*"*ing*; Greene's *Disputation between a He-Coney-catcher and a She-*"*Coney-catcher.*" As my poor library will not afford these *valuable* books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient *art of coney-catching*, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, a. 4. sc. 1.)—I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means *the art of picking pockets*; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778)---except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor *pockets* cannot keep up with these *rising demands* upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good Master Steevens; think of us *poor* poets.

(*r*) The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass-buttoned coat, his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's * fault if he does not.---This great man's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with *minute* explications of indecent passages:

He bears no token of those sable streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give *ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.*

* Αυτον και Θεραποντα.—We all must regret the loss of the pleasant Biographer.

Lo! first *Melampus* (*s*) FARMER deftly springs,
(WALTER-DE-MAPES (*t*) his sire) the welkin rings:
Stout GLOUCESTER(*u*) mark in *Pamphagus*(*v*) advance,
Who never *stood aghast in speechless trance*;

The

(*s*) *Melampus* signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of *Leicester*, but never could be persuaded *to give any account of it*.---This dog scented out the *Learning of Shakspeare* with true and original sagacity, and absolutely *unkennelled* it. This is his proper praise.—Mr. Steevens says, "Could *a perfect* and *decisive* edition of Shaks-"peare be produced, it were to be expected ONLY (though we "fear in vain) from the hand of DR. FARMER, whose MORE "SERIOUS AVOCATIONS *forbid* HIM to undertake what, &c. &c." See Advert. by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, Edit. 1793, p. 11. Such *gravity of compliments* between two editors reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, "THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO DOG "APES."

(*t*) *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century, "*A decent Priest, where* "*monkies were the gods*," and author of the *divine* ode, beginning:

"Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori." &c.

(*u*) Stout *Gloucester*.---Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

(*v*) *Pamphagus*---signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at, and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

The sage *Ichnobates* (*w*) see TYRWHITT limp;
MALONE *Hylactor* (*x*) bounds, a clear-voic'd imp;
Nor

(*w*) *Ichnobates* means a dog who *tracks* out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Bristol*.—If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and sagacity. "Illum *pro literato* plerique laudandum "duxerunt, quum ille *næniis quibusdam anilibus* occupatus inter "*Milesias Punicas* APULEII sui et *ludicra literaria* consenesce-"ret." (Vid. Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum;) I will however say, as to my own part, Illum pro literato *laudandum* semper duxi, but with a reserve as to the application of his learning. I wish this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium* sagax *rerum*.

(*x*) *Hylactor* means a dog with a clear and strong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the sepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and stupefy the living. This dog has been scratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.—But when I speak of rational men, it passes the bounds of all sagacity to divine, by what species of refined absurdity *the Wills and Testaments of Actors* could be raked up and published to *illustrate* Shakspeare. (See Malone's Shakspeare, vol ii. p. 186, &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in 1793.) A critic for such an ingenious invention should be presented with the *altum Saganæ caliendrum*, which would not easily fall from his head.—But Mr. M. has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable excellencies.

Nor can I pass *Lyciſca* MONTAGUE, (*y*)
Her yelp though feeble, and her sandals *blue*;
Asbolus (*z*) HAWKINS, a grim shaggy hound,
In *Music* growls, and beats the bushes round; (*a*)
Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood;

In

(*y*) See her Essay on Shakspeare, chiefly againſt the French critics. A very pretty Essay, and a great many very pretty things have been said about it, which I shall not contradict. "*Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis*," is a verse which has always filled a house with sincere admirers, *without any flattery*.

(*z*) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(*a*) *Beats the buſhes round.*—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick.

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer; and so in truth it is:

Archdeacons, rats, and such small deer,
Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, "I'll take a word with this same LEARNED "THEBAN." My learned *Master* Richard Porson;—but he loves *no titles!* It would be better if he did.

(*c*).—Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent*; Mr. Steevens says, it is *bitter* or *severe*. Shakesp. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuse, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be surprised to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived *to press* Mr. Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis *into the service* of Shakspeare; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be *pressed* into it? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me,

or

In *Theron*'s (*e*) form, mark RITSON next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (*f*) friend;

Tom

or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See Tempeſt, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens ſtiles Mr. P. "*an excellent ſcholar and a perſpicacious critic*;" in which I most cordially agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the ſchoolmaster, nor any other Doctor or Miſter in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes.—But there is a ſomething, as I have learned from Horace of great men, "quod *lene tor-*
"*mentum* ingenio admovet plerumque *duro*."———I find the Archdeacon has re-publiſhed his work, and in my opinion has very wiſely declined being *led* any more by DICK and the *foul fiend* "through fire, and through flame and whirlpool, o'er "bog and quagmire, and having knives laid under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakneſs to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-preſſed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I ſhould have been contented with the *hot-preſſing* by Mr. Porſon—hot indeed, *hiſſing-hot!*—This controverſy has no good end: learning is good, and theology is good; but there is ſomething better, Η Αγαπη. There is alſo a writer who ſays, Κατακαυχᾶται ΕΛΕΟΣ κρισεως. Is it not ſo, Mr. Profeſſor?

(*e*) *Theron* ſignifies a dog of innate ferocity.

(*f*) *Poor Tom Warton* could have told a piteous tale, how *his* hiſtoric *body was punched full of deadly holes* by this literary Richard IIId.—Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in ſome ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather ſtrong. The Antiquaries---but they have *ſpoken for themſelves*.* The Antiquarian Society is amiable and harmleſs, and from what I have ſeen, their publications reſemble the ſubjects of them, Νεκυων AMENHNA καρηνα. Who could wiſh to diſturb ſuch repoſe?

* Nam poſſunt VITIO *nigrum* præfigere *Theta*. PERS. S. 4.

Tom WARTON last, *Agriodos* (*g*) acute,
With *Labros* PERCY (*h*) barks in close pursuit:
Hot was the chace; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE'S death.

E OC-

(*g*) *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.---I always regret the loss of *Thomas Warton*: in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical.---Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyric) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of *married* priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines:

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi;
Nec non pro Presbyteris multum comprobavi;
Pater noster pro me quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque Presbyter *cum sua* SUAVI!

I quote this for *my own* sake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Presbyter cum sua* SUAVI, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat!

(*h*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens* continually.---But I forget ---Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema esto.——AND thus I take my leave of the WHOLE **black letter** KENNELL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim* ACTÆONA *clament.*

OCTAVIUS.

Here pause (*i*) awhile! with honest zeal oppress,
Indignant genius labours in thy breast:
May learning's favour'd sons accept the strain,
The dunce reject it, and the fool disdain.

(*i*) "Hæc SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam." So said Virgil, and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note *in conclusion* for the *present*, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters of gold as an everlasting admonition. It it this: "*To say the truth*, "no part of knowledge seems to be *in fewer hands*, than that of "discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE."

END OF PART THE FIRST.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

A

SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

PART THE SECOND.

Ετ' αβλητος και ανυτατος οξεϊ χαλκω,
ΔΙΝΕΥΩ ΚΑΤΑ ΜΕΣΣΟΝ, αγοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ἑλυσ', αυταρ βελεων απερυκοι ερωην.

Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. OWEN, NO. 168, PICCADILLY.

1796.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE SECOND PART.

TWO years have passed since I published "The First "Part of the Pursuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of thoſe perſons who may feel themselves interested in such researches; the ſubjects of which indeed, *in their event*, are perhaps important to all. What I observed of the first part, I observe of this, and the following parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former writer or of any former poem." That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is and will be, concealed, upon motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name; it is as unjust, as it is absurd. "Flebit et "insignis tota cantabitur urbe," was said of old; and I recommend

recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity, to remember, that there is a darkness *which may be felt*.

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant and explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once, if it is required of the author of it, that he be *blameless* himself in the strict sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in theory or in practise, and a censure of such actions and of such opinions, be considered as the production of a mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear, that few philosophers are exempted from the charge. In my opinion, the philosopher himself is a satirist, speaking to the world at large, without a specific reference to any nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of government, of good manners, or of good literature. The philosophic Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to man and his nature;

nature; the modern poet, supposing and acknowledging the truth of these original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, assisted by learning, wit, and ridicule; with an honest endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue; without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

According to these ideas, the work of a modern Satirist is transitory as to it's immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed* * to be presented to other times, as well as to those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to his own compositions* is evident, to clear up for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients; which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation

* *I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince* Posterity.

ation of the Poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on such an occasion. " I do not look to be asked, where-
" fore I wrote this book; it being no difficulty to answer,
" that I did it to those ends, which the best men propose
" to themselves, when they write."

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL:

PART THE SECOND.*

AUTHOR.

VIRTUE and worth Pierian strains record:
Hail then to HIM, fam'd Cestria's mitred lord, (§)
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age,
Who wild with rapture, and empiric rage,
On bolder plume aspiring, could presume
To journey through the vast æthereal gloom;

* N. B. It is recommended to the reader to peruse the whole of this Poem, or indeed of any other work in verse or prose, *once*, without referring to any of the notes, but those which are merely explanatory, when the allusion may not be obvious; as notes, to use the lawyer's phrase, very often *travel out of the record*.

(§) Bishop Wilkins. See the note in the next page.

Who tir'd of earth, and dreams of gowned rest,
Sunk in the elysium of his *Cynthia*'s breast. (*a*)

But we our sin-worn garments cannot cast;
Weigh'd down with ills, the present or the past,
We toil and groan in this disorder'd hour,
Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
That bids the western world or rouse, or weep,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

(*a*) John Wilkins, biſhop of Chester in the last century, wrote a celebrated "Discourse concerning the possibility of a "passage to the moon." The bishop is, as all bishops should be, very seribus on the occasion; and as an effectual change of air and climate is recommended in so many diseases, I approve most of all of *Doctor* Wilkins's prescription of a flying chariot; and instead of raving or storming, or fretting about the accidents of life, to set off directly—*for the moon*. This method of *translation*, (a happy thought in a bishop,) would at once supersede the necessity of suicide, prisons, or revolutions, when people are out of humour. Besides Dr. Herschell has told us what an agreeable place the moon is. I believe he has descried the surveyors of the lunar turnpike roads, and actually seen their St. Paul's Church, and some of the Selenites in a solemn procession. This cannot much surprise us, as he has *nearly* discovered what the sun is made of, which *lies* a *little* further from us. Upon my word, Philoſophy is a very pleaſant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

OCTAVIUS.

What always France? forbear awhile to rave
O'er those, whose every second thought's the grave.
Learning's *your* theme: go bend before that tomb,
Where other palms and other laurels bloom,
Where Maro sleeps; or in the Sabine shade,
Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade,
Or in Volterra's (*a*) dark Etrurian grove,
With Boileau's (*b*) art, and Dryden's rapture rove.
Be wise betimes; and in resistless prose
Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes.
Let Wakefield (*c*) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
Lords of misrule in anarchy's wild hall,

(*a*) Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Persius at Volterra, in Italy.

(*b*) Boileau.—The most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment: his sagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius united, without one indecent blemish; and, for my own part, I have always considered him as the most finished gentleman that ever wrote.

Such prophets, as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
And hide, and feed *by fifties* (*d*) in a cave :

(*c*) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look *at the list* of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternately sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to *some* patronage, and the removal of every want. But his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak *from the consideration of his works alone*) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even literature begins to be weary of him. But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer, all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality, a want of decent or even common respect to dignified characters, and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to sanguinary persecution. I speak of him as a public man; I have no contempt of his attainments; but I will never suffer him or any other man, obtruding himself and his political principles and measures upon the publick, to pass me without notice; or, as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro
Fumiferam noctem, *commixtis igne tenebris*,

without the reprehenſion he deſerves.

(*d*) *By fifties.*—" Obadiah took *the prophets*, and hid them by *fifty in a cave*, and fed them *with bread and water*." Kings B. 1. ch. 18. v. 4. In the *proviſions* of that most important, and I wish I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing ſeditious aſſemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is ſpecified, that none of the prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, ſhall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elſewhere: and conſi-

dering

Let such call Pitt or Grenville meanly bold,
Who calm'd the terror of Burke's claws in gold. (*e*)

You read perchance a minister in books, (*f*)
And know an honest statesman by his looks;
Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
In Thurlow, just, in Wedderburne, serene;
In Grenville, firmness; majesty, in Pitt;
And in Dundas, the courage to submit.
Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (*g*) and squire,
You'd print (poor man!) your satire, and your song.

dering the inflammatory nature of their disorder, it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet by our modern Obadiah.

(*e*) Summos auro mansueverat ungues." Statius—A beautiful periphrasis for giving a pension; but it is a penfion nobly merited.

(*f*) I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the moft secret designs of the British, or even of foreign Cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the leaft hesitation what they *know* of the intention of Miniſters. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

(*g*) The Rolliad, &c.

AUTHOR.

Pain of the Press you threaten *hard and strong*:(*h*)
Would you, by question of poëtic law,
Confession from a rhyming culprit draw?
No: to my country's justice I appeal,
Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect.

Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (*i*) by the score;
Memory I have, not Middleton (*k*) has more;
Could sing of gardens, yet well-pleas'd to see
Walpole (*l*) and Nature may, for once, agree;

(*h*) The ancient torture of the press, now abolished, was called the *Peine fort et dure*. None but authors seem willing to revive it, but it is equitably—in their own persons and works.

(*i*) The publisher of the newly-found manuscripts in Shakespeare's own hand-writing. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of the poem.

(*k*) The famous witness on Mr. Haſtings's trial, the disciple of Themiſtocles.

(*l*) See that quaint, but curious and learned, writer's excellent Eſſay on Modern Gardening at the end of his Lives of the Painters.

Could give with Darwin, to the hectic kind,
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind; (*m*)
With Price (*n*) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve,
And banish use, for naked Nature's love,
Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn,
My park, a county; and a heath, my lawn;

(*m*) See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants, and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to *manage the winds*, (and every thing else I believe) at his pleasure, *by a little philosophy*. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life, for I dread a cough in the spring from the bleak north-east blasts.—Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious understanding* is peculiarly adapted to solve the following problem in *natural* philosophy: "WHETHER, *the hybernal* "*frigidity of the Antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line, through the* "*homogeneous solidity of the center, might warm the superficial connex-* "*ity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?*" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as *the French* Philosopher *Pantagruel*, is not quite so intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the *Creme Philosophique des Questions Encyclopediques* at the end of Rabelais Book 5. The *true cream* is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789.

(*n*) Price and Knight.—See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste, but I certainly would not bring the cause in the court at Guildhall, with *the giants* on the jury and Lord Kenyon the judge there certainly would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

Man's social civil Progress (*o*) could rehearse,
Put Gibbon, Hume, or Tacitus *in verse*;

(*o*) See and read (if poſſible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic *Poem*, "The PROGRESS of Civil Society in six books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other ideas of poetry, than that of lines and syllables put into a measure, with some little attention to grammar. I mean when he *writes verses himself*. For if he conceives, that the verſification of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is *poetry*; there is no help for him, he must be suffered to *rhyme on*. "*Dogmatizer en vers*, "*et rimer par chapitres*." It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this *tedious* piece of work. Mr. K. is mighty fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words "*Whether* this, or *whether* that—or *whether* the other"—is the case, never deciding the point, nor giving even a *doubtful* solution of *doubtful doubts*, as Mr. Hume kindly used to do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers underſtand him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus. B. 1. v. 1.

"*Whether* primordial *motion sprang to life*
From the wild war of elemental strife,
In *central chains* the mass inert confin'd,
And sublimated matter into mind;
Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.
Or——
Whether, in Fate's *eternal fetters* bound
Mechanic Nature goes her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings around him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet shew, "Hazy

"weather

Or, while Silenus and his votaries nod,
Quaff Paphian grossness from my crystal (*h*) God :

" weather, master Noah ;" for I am certain that neither Punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

" Trace out the slender *social links*, *that bind*
" In *order*'s chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c."

Ohe jam satis—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it, Horum *simplicitas* miserabilis !) in this and *t'other* poem (I must mean the Landscape ;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantic. see p. 153---I wish from my soul, that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it. He might cry out as lustily as Polydorus, and all the conjurers of the *dilettanti* might assist at the disinchantment if they pleased.—N.B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight *for the honour* he has been pleased to confer on my note in the first part of this poem on the Pursuits of Literature ; see p. 17. &c. of his Preface to his " Progress of Civil Society."---*If Mr. Knight's bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself.* I did *not* name him, as the author of the Essay " ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS," but he has *now* named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man, who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher ; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to *copy* even my former note.* Mr. K. had better (*just like* Newton) have kept to his *Principia*, A,B,Γ,Δ, *κτλ*. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future, and spare me so much trouble as I have had. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical

* See the First Part of the P. of L. p. 17. Second Edition, 8vo.

Or I could *scribble*, (*q*) for historic fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull and tame;
Or tir'd with truth, like Coxe, to fables stray,
And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay; (*r*)
I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call,
Turn public bag-man, (*s*) train'd in Walpole's stall;
Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
And, like Sir James Bland Burgess, (*t*) murmur love;

Committee, and any more "*reports* PROGRESS, and asks leave to sit again," the motion will be *negatived by the whole house.* (1796.)

(*p*) "Vitreo bibit ille *Priapo*." Juv. Sat. 4. See Mr. Knight's Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the first part of this Poem. p. 17. 2d edit. 8vo.

(*q*) Soon after the late Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his history, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment said; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon, I see you are "always *at it*, the old way, *scribble*, *scribble*, *scribble*."—There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the late Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. GILLIES wrote the Hiſtory of Greece, &c.

(*r*) Fables by John Gay, *illustrated with notes* by WILLIAM COXE, Rector of Bemerton, &c.&c.&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. (1796) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chace. I am not inclined to make any other comparison.

(*s*) See (for they are not unentertaining but very dear) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished persons, &c.

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgess's Poem entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love," accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the *Amoretti alati* by one of the fairest and most illustrious

Could furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
A *Florence* goose, *three* ducklings, and *one* (*v*) pig;
With Spartan Pye (*x*) lull England to repose,
Or frighten children with Lenora's (*y*) woes:

illustrious hands in the kingdom. Sir James, late under Secretary of State and still M. P. is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or in the Treasury, should be,)attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle.* Sir James says, "That boy and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgess is right after all; there certainly should be none but the *most virtuous* persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq.

(*v*) A Florence goose, &c.—See a publication, entitled, "An "Ode to an Eton Boy, *Three* Sonnets, and *One* Epigram," by William Parsons Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's Critics; he even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verses in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.

(*x*) *Spartan* Pye.—Mr. Pye, the present Poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among *the Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortu-

Since folks can now with royal patience hear,
And bear their Laureat more than twice a year.

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink,
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone:
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore,
Augustus reigns; Mæcenas is no more.

nately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or *verse-shot*, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep*!!! Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed that "*Sleep* is the brother of *Death*."

(*y*) A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat; by J. T. Stanly, Esq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a sort of Blue-Beard story for the nursery.

Pitt views alike, from Holwood's sullen brow,
(As near-observing (z) friendship dares avow)
The fount of Pindus, or Bœotia's bog,
With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (a)

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen to Pitt; (b) he's liberal, but by stealth.

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth,
Another Adam (c) in œconomy,
For all, but Burke, (d) escape his searching eye.

(z) In confirmation of my opinion, I refer the reader to a pamphlet, published in 1795, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near Observer." It is written by a man of fortune, independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been ascribed to M. Montagu Esq. M. P. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely, an improvident and *systematic contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents.* "They had no poet, and they died." What then? says Mr. Pitt; history will speak. But &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

(a) In the time of Augustus, during the administration of Mæcenas, that Minister's seal, bearing the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills*. I mention this anecdote, as curious, and

Stiff from old Turgot, (*e*) and his rigid school,
He never deviates from this wholesome rule ;

and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in the proœmium to the 37th book of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, ch. 1. " *Mæcenatis* RANA, *ob collationem pecuniarum*, in magno terrore erat."—Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but really Mr. Pitt and his colleagues play rather too much at this ministerial game of *Leap-frog*.

(*b*) Octavius is wrong : I am neither a personal, nor a political enemy to Mr. PITT. I think him a powerful and efficient Minister, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, and to command. He is a scholar; *I know* him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind ; but the sin, " by " which the angels fell," ranges in him without measure and without control. To tell a minister, that pride was not made for *him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him : firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the state, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it, as if it had been the subject of his continued meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been *all found wanting* ; but in the principle just, if not steady.—I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation, he was placed, almost without

" Left to themselves, all find their level price,
" Potatoes, verses, turnips, Greek, and rice."

without his seeking it, in the highest public station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple, without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties, (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, accepted, confirmed, continued, and established, by his king and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) *might be easily removed*, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many have done, the highest ability in himself; and he found, what is denied to most, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republic of France, may be finally to establish " Glory to God in the highest, and on " earth peace."——Is this the language of an enemy? I respect, nay, I would defend Mr. Pitt; I wish him a long continuance in office; but—personally I never can love him.

(*c*) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

(d) This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke.——On this subject, I may say, that in " *Mr. Burke's Letter* on the Duke of Bedford's attack *on Him*," I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato and the wit Lucian. But what I esteem most of all, I hear again the *warning* voice of ONE *who saw the apocalypse*, and FIRST cried aloud in England, and to all the inhabitants of Europe.—I cannot describe the

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times, methinks, to banter on finance;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France.

AUTHOR.

Of France? why ere these lines were scarce begun,
France was the very theme you bade me shun.
Well, I'll be brief; with France he *must* contend;
There I will own, and feel myself his friend,
And sing with Burke's, or Maro's, borrow'd fire,
" Arms and the man," till anarchy (*f*) expire.

the whole composition better than in the words of *that Poet*, who would have been proud to record the workmanship of EDMUND BURKE. *Brontes*, *Steropes*, and *Pyracmon*, it will be allowed, have all had their share in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

" Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri;
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras."

(*e*) Mr. Turgot, ci devant Controller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Oeconomic School*.

(*f*) " Till anarchy expire."—In the tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds and

Sedition's crew is bound; the gloomy band,
In chains of penal silence musing stand;
Or doom'd in classic (*g*) impotence to rave
Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,

and shakes in every nerve, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace.* But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive *labours* of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallic *Julia* has done nothing but conceive, one mis-shapen lump after another, in the fœculency of her political womb, conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion: and what can we say,

Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, et patruo similes effunderet offas.

We must, I fear, yet wait a season; and whatever we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and redemption from slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the disruption of social order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone could reproduce in English,

Αναρρηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, αυτα τε γυμνωμενα Ταρταρα.

And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer.

(*g*) Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason, seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. *John Thelwall* read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed *Classical Lectures*, and most kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, *Old* France, &c. &c. and *the causes* of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, or revolutionary murders; without *the least hint* or application to England and its constitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and so, by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdales, &c. —I must own, I fear nothing from such Lectures.

The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS

Nay if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
In Hatsell's (*h*) clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill,
And Jekyll's (*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

Pray, heav'n, forbear:
Come then, I'll breathe at large æthereal air,
Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
(Whom late from Hampstead journeying (*k*) to his book,
Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) mistook,
What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face:)

(*h*) John Hatsell, Esq. the learned and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons.

(*i*) There is too much of pertness and self-sufficiency in that gentleman's remarks; and I do not apprehend that his wit will ever shake a minister like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

With dogs (*n*) black-letter'd for the Stratford Hunt,120
Thick-flued and coated 'gainst the public brunt;
For well I mark'd them (*o*) all with curious heed.

(*k*) He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakspeare, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time.

(*l*) "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.
Sappho to Phaon.
I will own, I was always apprehensive of a rape so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, "earth's freshest softest lap," but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear.

(*m*) "To meet—the Sun upon the upland lawn."
Gray's Elegy.

(*n*) See the first part of the Pursuits of Literature, v. 256, p. 35, 2d. edit. in 8vo.

(*o*) I termed the Commentators on Shakespeare out of mere pleasantry, "*black-letter dogs*." But if among these scholars, or in *any other description of the learned*, there should be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition, who, I say, should so far forget himself as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest retainer to learning:—*if* SUCH A MAN should be found, with fair professions, and obliging attentions, simular of friendship, but at the bottom, false, hollow, designing, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky discovery, even of a professional artist, should strive to depress the efforts of struggling laborious merit, or to blast the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who should inflict a

OCTAVIUS.

Not all; you pass'd the grave laborious (*p*) Reed,
Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mie Masterre* (*q*) Ireland, by your leave.

wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence may feel the blast of the enchanter, and know not whence it comes. *If* I say, SUCH A MAN should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose*; and all I shall say further is, may He, *if* SUCH A MAN exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life, not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error, and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.

(*p*) Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's old plays, lately republished; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected.

(*q*) The possessor and editor of the MSS. asserted to be Shakspeare's; from whose *officina* in Norfolk street, issued the tragedy of

He laughs to see our new Salmoneus stand,
(His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,)
On fiery coursers from Olympia's plain,
Tossing the torch, in sov'reign splendor vain,
Command the world's prostration from afar,
"SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
In letter'd radiance!

AUTHOR.

Hold: now is it well,
In strains like these of *manuscripts* to tell?
Of notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes,
And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?
Monks and attorneys may engage Malone;
Annius, (*r*) or Ireland, (*s*) 'tis to me all one.

of Vortigern, claiming to be the compofition of Shakspeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury Lane Theatre, and received *in such a flattering* manner.

Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, et ingens
Sarpedon!

(r) Annius was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions. See his seventeen books of antiquities. It may be proper to obſerve, that mere vanity was his motive; he never ſollicited *any ſubscription* for *his* ancients.

Give me the soul that breathes in Shakspeare's page;
Strength from within; the unresisted rage;
The thought, that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found;
The pen, he dipt in mind;—I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.
Wherever found, for genuine they shall pass,
Golden the volume, though the clasps are brass;
Then o'er the poet's art, and sounds divine,
Boaden (*t*) may bray in vain, and Waldron whine:
So Ireland deems, and all for Shakspeare's love,
In placid plausibility *will prove*.

What though no Vatican unbarrs the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields it's store,
Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome,
Than kings to Granta gave, or Bodley's dome.

(s) See (for you may) all the farrago of which Mr. Ireland possesses *the originals*, numerous beyond any belief; I will not attempt to describe them.

(t) One Boaden, and one Waldron wrote two pamphlets on this business; but I have other affairs to do, than to give any account of them.

Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare (*v*) por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,
The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke.
But where's the dark array, the vesture plain,
With many a mould'ring venerable stain?
All fled: a wonder opens to our view;
The shield is scower'd, and the books are new: (*x*)
" In her own hues great Nature best is seen,"
So Ireland spoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove!
Where, led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove

(v) Mr. Ireland asserts that he has the very library of Shakspeare, with his signature, his notes and remarks &c. in the books, all in *his own hand-writing.*

(x) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preserve the books *of Shakspeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wished;) but, like the nurse *employed* by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has scowered them well, and made them *all new*; and with singular felicity has *re bound them* ALL *in* GREEN *morocco !!!*—N.B. I have written this whole passage in the Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion.

In solitude and sacred silence blest;
And in the musings of his mighty breast,
All as he scann'd the volume of the past,
O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their sounds unknown,
My universal language is your own.

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head.
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.
When flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
Alone give right to science, taste, and sense,
When modest worth by idle boasting's shewn,
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone (*y*)

(*y*) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls, (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone

In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
Let rabid (z) Porson tell, or griesly Parr, (a)
Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
The breeding of mere critics is the same:
From royal Phalaris let the search descend,
To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.

Hear Catcott (b) cry, in chearless life's decline,
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.

is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attentive to that character and politeness, which at least all *amateur* critics should maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say, of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, fortunatâque favillâ,
Nascentur violæ?

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets nor* GUINEAS.—"Go to bed, Basil; good night, go to bed." (See the Spanish Barber.)

(z) See Mr. Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis, conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

(a) Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe, the celebrated critic and man-midwife, about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not assist the little critical man-midwife at *the labour*, "rite *maturos aperire partus*." Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to *the Third Part* of this Poem.

He saw *his* Bard by Milles's pond'rous length
O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,
For Bryant (*c*) came; the muses all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn.

(*b*) When I published the first part of this poem, I had casually glanced on the subject of Rowley (p. 22. P. of L. 2d. Ed. 8vo) but since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is, even now, scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott, the sneers *upon the pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a man, without whose zeal and sollicitude, (as it seems by the accounts) these singular poems never would have appeared. He seemed to say, with justice,

Oro, miserere laborum
Tantorum, *miserere animi non digna ferentis.*

(*c*) No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. Bryant, without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition, without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations: with a youthful fancy, and a playful wit; with the mind, and occasionally with the pen, of a poet; with an ease and simplicity of style, aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success; but always with a zeal for truth, and a soberness of enquiry. In speaking of Mr. Bryant, I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth solstice (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of

The boy, whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
First meanly flatter'd, then as meanly scorn'd,
Drooping he rais'd, and lent his little aid,
The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
Innoxious man! yet what may truth avail!
Blameless his life, and simple as his tale;
Each rude enquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels;
No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
For him no wealth descends in fost'ring showrs;
Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,
"The wound a Varro gave, Iapis heal'd."(*a*)

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments search,
Ransack the chest, the closet, or the church;

of manners, and a readiness, and a willingness of literary communication seldom found: admired and sought after by the young, who are entering on a course of study; and revered, and often followed, by those, who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength given unto him, in defence of the holy law; he has put on the την ανωθεν πανοπλιαν, the panoply from above; and having enlarged his mind, and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO!

(*a*) See Atterbury's comment on *the Iapis* of Virgil

Brave all the joint associates of A. S.
The jest insipid, and the idle guess;
Bind, copy, comment, manuscript and print,
Take from good-natur'd friends some useful hint;
From Bewick's (*d*) magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page, in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze;
Alas, for thee! the profit and the fame,
A tale, that ends in penury, or shame.

Go rather, and indulge DRAMATIC rage;
All love a public, or a private stage:
Our nobles now, as players, will be seen,
A duke's chaste daughter, or a Margravine:
Fled is the soft reserve, and nicer sense,
Those primal guards of love and innocence,
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte, clad.

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? less shame's in being mad. (*e*)

(*d*) Mr. Bewick, the great restorer of the long lost art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldsmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the printer of Boydell's magnificent edition of Shakspeare; a work, which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles, and intended for the honour of the country, should be patronised by the English nation.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, speak not harsh; relent the tone severe;
In milder accents win the tender ear;
O'er female failings lightly would I pass,
And let Aglaia (*f*) lead them to their glass;
Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
As life's domestic happier stage they tread;
There may they look, well-pleas'd themselves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

AUTHOR.

I listen with delight: that strain again;
I'll bless the sex.

(*e*) The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The dress of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. *Seventeen Hundred and Ninety Six.* Juvenal, who wrote about the year *Ninety Six*, said on a similar subject; "*Nudus agas; minus est insania turpis.*" Sat. 2. But strange to say, he was speaking of *the dress of the men.*

(*f*) Aglaia is the name of one of the Graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
Where half the skill is *decently to hide.*

The ladies should remember that imagination is a busy power.

OCTAVIUS.

Now pass to titled men, 235
Mark, where Thalia calls, in graceful air,
The soft patrician of St. James's square :(*g*)
Mountmorres comes, but, strange to tell,(*h*) *unspurr'd*,
And lyric Carlisle purrs (*i*) o'er love transferr'd.
Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,
Like *Polypheme* (*k*) " I cannot, cannot, bear;"

(g) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

(h) It is impossible to decide whether Lord Mountmorres is more famous in the city of London for his pamphlets or *his spurs*. I believe the noble Lord thinks the muses or the booksellers mighty dull, as he is *never seen* in the morning *without his spurs*, even in the hardest frost in Parnassus or London. Lord Mountmorres has a *pretty taste* for a theatre, and sometimes pens a *dramatic thing* or two.

(i) Purrs.—Dr. Johnson says, " to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard *in pleasure.*" I have heard that Lord Carlisle (*Quel d'amor travagliato Sacripante*) is writing an opera entitled " *Angelica* e MEDORO." Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—Συνετοισι (1796.)

(k) Like Polypheme.—I allude to a circumstance not generally known; but which, as I have never seen any public notice of it, these

For ah! presumptuous *Acis* wrests the prize,
And ravishes *the nymph* before his eyes:
Such feats his honour little Pepper saw,
In all the pride of music and of law. 245

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly, combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your trust?

these lines are meant to record. About *two years ago*, *the Serenata* of ACIS AND GALATEA (with some violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed *in Downing Street* to a private company. The part of *Acis* by MR. PITT, *Polypheme*, by LORD THURLOW, and *Galatea*, by LORD LOUGHBOROUGH. *Mezzi Soprani*, by LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a sort of *Messa Bassa* † by EDMUND BURKE; the other *vocal parts* by a select Committee of both Houses *à due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution *of the difficult passages*, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*; that the *baritono* of Lord Thurlow was quite Polypheme-ish, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible *to do justice* sufficiently to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—*he died away in the arms of* ACIS.—

N.B. Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegoric, or *eleusinian*; the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny it. (Written in 1796.)

† All the *Catholics* know (and we have *enough of them* to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to *their own* and *their company's* cost) that the *Messa Bassa is a silent mass*, whispered by the priest *during a musical performance.*

AUTHOR.

What ?—must I enter the dramatic course;
Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse ?
All that for Massinger and Beaumont stickle,
But leave their authors in a wretched pickle ;
From

to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence ; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate, * now in *full age* and *hoary holiness*. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man ; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man ? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice tracts which their authors long wished to give over to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time, and in another place. I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct, by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's *own* words) " *from* " *the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms of* (Dr. Parr's) " *polemic phrenzy ;* from *all the laughable and all the loathsome* " *singularities which float upon the surface of* his, (Dr. Parr's) *dic-* " *tion ;* nor can I *hang with fondness* and *admiration over the crowded* " *yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through* (Dr. " Parr's) *works*, p. 151." &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English, and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe ?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) " I'll be cursed if " this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *first part* of my poem to Dr. Parr.--I refer my reader to the *Second Part*, in which the Doctor makes a more public and distinguished entry.

* Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

From CAPELL steal, yet never own the theft,
And then desert (*m*) him of his store bereft.
Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard!
CAPELL, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,
And may this feeble verse to life and light
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.
Must I *write notes*, which all so piercing bright,
" Let in the object and let out the light?"

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines.

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron** of SHAKESPEARE.---This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the Poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him *the Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakespeare*. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those who, in the poet's own words,

> " To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel* critics,
> *Came sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs."

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to. was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth, that we had nothing to learn on the subject. *Indeed!* — I am pleased, however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-wove paper*, and *hot-pressed*.

* The Προστατευων.

But grant, the stage is *noble*; I believe
Greek's still plebeian, with Lord Belgrave's leave.
Translation's all: Herodotus who knows?
The sost Ionic melts in Beloe's prose.
For Homer most in Pope, or Cowper, (*m*) look,
(The only *task* he ever undertook:)
Yet for translated sense, who e'er decried
Our India's modern Strabo, and the guide? (*n*)

Still nought but wonders strike this wayward age,
Not Athens can escape the plund'rer's rage:
There are who laugh, but some great critics chafe,
To think, not Æschylus himself is safe.
Go take his text, revise, digest, compare.
With Porson's shrewdness, or with Valcknaer's care,

(*m*) Cowper.—The most *original* poet of our time, and author of "The Task," and as I have been informed, one of the best men. The translation of Homer is an arduous task indeed; in passages he has succeeded; but as a whole, the work is defective. Milton had once thoughts of translating Homer. (*Oh che bel deliro!*) but it will be in vain *now* to attempt to supersede the poetry of Pope in the mind of an English reader.

(*n*) *Major* RENNELL, the great Indian Geographer of the present time. There is no absolute necessity for a knowledge of the Greek language in the general researches of geography. Translations of the authors may convey sufficient information.

Then let the manuscript once quit your sight,
Some Scotch Greek swindling printer (*o*) steals your
right.

But mark, the sea-birds sound the note of doom,
And venom'd insects (*p*) cluster round the tomb,
The *Grecian* billows foam along the strand,
In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land,
Ranging for vengeance from his native shore,
ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to sleep no more.

(*o*) I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Professor Porson lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus, to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Professor's leave or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes. I hope however that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly, desired.

(*p*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea shore, (I think in the island of Paros), and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it.—The subject of Greek learning is carried on in the Third Part of this Poem.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

ERRATA.

Page 10, line 11. *for* Sat. 4. *r.* Sat. 2. P. 11. l. 6. *dele* "and "still M. P." P. 14. l. 4. *dele* "the procœmium to."

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

A

SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

PART THE THIRD.

Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ' οϊστοι απ' ωμων χωομενοιο,
Αυτω κινηθεντος· ὁ δ' ηϊε Νυκτι εοικως.
Εζετ' επειτ' απανευθε νεων, μετα δ' ιον ἑηκε,
Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυρεοιο βιοιο·
Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και ΚΥΝΑΣ † αργους,
Αυταρ επειτ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣΙ βελος εχεπευκες αφιεις
Βαλλ'· αιει δε πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι.

Hom. Il. 1.

† See the First Part, page 35, &c. 2d Ed. 8vo.

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1796.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE THIRD PART.

I PRESENT the Third Part of this Poem to the public,* at the same time that I offer the Second: though I had intended to delay it. But some subjects are of an importance serious and urgent, not to be deferred. Literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which, I am fully persuaded, all civilized states must ultimately be supported, or overthrown.

It is not enough to say, a book is bulky or voluminous, and therefore can have no effect upon the mass of the people, because that opinion is not true. Such a book can not only be abridged and dispersed abroad; but a man like Thomas Payne, with a rude, and wicked, and daring manner of thinking, and with vulgar but impressive language, may blend the substance of the opinions with his own, and in a short popular tract make them familiar and intelligible to every apprehension, Thus are men *fooled* out of their understanding, *fooled* out of their security, and *fooled* out of their happiness: and when they have lost every blessing *beyond recovery*, they look round at each other in a stupid despair, clashing their chains, and unable to shake them off, and ask, "*How* has all this been brought about?"

I am

* All the characters either of persons or of books, which are introduced into any of the parts of this poem, are considered and brought forward by the Author upon no private motive *whatsoever*, direct or indirect: but simply and solely, as the conduct of the persons, or the manner of the compositions, or the principles of the writings, tend to influence and affect *the public* morality, the public happiness, and *the public security* of this nation, and the true and essential interests of learning and of religion, which are *inseparable*.

I am no enemy to the liberty of discussion, and the toleration of opinions; I am for NO literary proscription. But I think it is plainly our *interest*, as well as our duty, *(while we yet may)* to strive to support THAT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, which has hitherto been able to build US up, and to give US an inheritance, or rather the pre-eminence, among all those who have been strengthened by policy, or sanctified by revelation. What I would contend for also, is this; that among all who are worthy to be called scholars or legislators, criticism, observation, and watchfulness are peculiarly necessary; that men may hear of their common danger, and be admonished to put a few plain questions to themselves,; "WHAT are we going to resign or give up, *and why?*—WHAT are we going to adopt, *and wherefore?*" I repeat it, NOW, in this our day, while the bitterness of *political death* is passing upon almost every other nation in Europe.

I confess, that I am not such a desperate lover of what is brought to me for abstract political truth, as never to make an inquiry into the character of the proposers of it, their personal views, and the men and measures with which they are connected. I feel myself a member of regulated society, and I would maintain an established order. I acknowledge myself a subject of a mild and equitable government,(though under a most severe temporary pressure) and I would preserve that government which gives US ALL protection. And when I adopt the great rule, that "we should love our neighbour as ourselves," I have not yet made such advances in the theory of political justice, and the new wisdom, as coolly

coolly to assert, that "*this maxim, though possessing* consi- "derable merit as a popular principle, *is not strictly modelled* "*with* philosophical *precision.**" I have not yet learned to treat the Revelation of God, or the institutions of my country, with contumely; I have no romantic ideas of virtues without motives, and of actions without regulations. I believe it to be a matter of general safety, that crimes should be *discerned*, as well as repressed, by legal sanctions; and that the nature of justice and of injustice should be declared, taught, and enforced, by law, by religion, and by education. Experience has instructed me, and reason and reflection have confirmed me in the belief, that Conscience may be erroneous, that it is a monitor which needs advice, and a guide which often calls for superior direction. I look upon Justice as the foundation and support, but not *as the whole* of human duty; and I cannot, in insulting language, resolve the sum and substance of all government and civil society into "Laws proclaimed by Heralds, and expounded by Curates.†"

It is indeed matter of great patience, as well as of deepest concern, to reasonable men, to observe what is *still* carrying on in this country, in defiance of the experience, the misery, and the desolation which have been felt, and will long continue to be felt, from the introduction of new principles among other nations. For the sentence of final destruction seems to be now executing on the various governments

* See an Enquiry into Political Justice, &c. by William Godwin. 2d. edit. 8vo. vol. 1. page 127.

† See Godwin on Justice, as above, vol. 2. p. 299.

. *Hæc Ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?*
Hæc Ego non agitem?

vernments of Europe. Still *the last* dispensation of mercy is offered TO THIS ISLAND, and it is only to be deserved, and continued to us, by firmness, temperance, and piety, and by perseverance in the constitution sacred and civil, *which now is*, without daring to attempt any present innovation in theory, or in practice. In whatever shape *French Philosophy* may approach, however recommended, or dignified, or disguised, by scholars or by ignorant and seditious men, in Greek, in Latin, in French, or in English, I would resist and repell it. Whenever the machine appears before the walls, I shall never regard it as the gift of Minerva, but call aloud to try the temper and the substance of it, *ferro Argolicas fædare latebras*, to distrust the present, and to reject the offer. Let the enemy be dragged forth to light and shewn *as he is*, and I will yet trust that the kingdom and the citadel may stand.

The THIRD PART of this poem opens with a playful subject, and it is treated as such.* But as the poem advances, I must, (to use a prophet's expression) *shew my dark speech upon the harp*, and must, now and then perchance, strike the strings *somewhat loudly*, and descend into a more severe and a more solemn harmony. But what I esteem to be necessary, that I will declare; and what I feel it to be my duty to represent, that I will have the boldness to publish. Whether men will hear, or whether they will not hear, is not strictly my personal concern; but my intention *no man taketh from me.*

* The subject (from v. 1, to about v. 60 of Part 3) is in itself a very trifling one: the names of the parties are obscure and of little note, and the concerns of reviewers and *their little blue books*, at the beginning of every month, are of trifling moment. But the example is of deepest consequence, that MEN, who aspire to be thought scholars, should be warned, even to all posterity, how they conduct their learning and expend their time, and be taught (from the ridiculous instance which I have selected) to value themselves upon such attainments alone as are truly valuable. Οτε γεγονα Ανηρ, κατηργηκα τα τȣ Νηπιȣ.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL:

PART THE THIRD.

N. B. The reader is *again* requested to read the Poem *once*, without referring to any notes, but those which are merely explanatory.

OCTAVIUS.

WHAT then, shall none remain, to whom belongs
The care of Attic bards and Dorian songs? (†)
Shall England boast no more, in order'd clans,
Her owls from Athens, and her Delian swans?
Is no memorial left of ancient fame?
No dirge funereal, nor *one Grecian game?*

AUTHOR.

There is: lo, learned Clerks in sable stole,
Graceful *in years*, pant eager for the goal. (*a*)

(†) The subject of Greek Literature is resumed. See the conclusion of the Second Part of this Poem.

Old NORB'RY (*b*) starts, and with the *seventh-form* (*c*) boys

In weeds of Greek the church-yard's peace annoys,
With classic WESTON, Charley COOTE, and TEW, (*d*)
In dismal dance about the mournful yew.
But first in notes Sicilian, (*e*) plac'd on high,
BATES sounds the soft preluding symphony;
And in sad cadence, as the bands condense,
The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* SENSE.

(a) I allude to the rage for translating Gray's Elegy into Greek verse, by so many combatants for the prize, of which more in the following notes.

(b) The Reverend Doctor Norbury, late one of the Assistants and now one of the Fellows (or old Boys) at Eton, published the firſt translation of the Elegy.

(*c*) At Eton *we* have but six forms, or *removes*, in the school.—These Reverend Divines, it seems have only taken *one step* since they left school.

(*d*) *Monsieur* PELTIER favoured me with the following record and extract, which I give in his own French terms, as they are very significant and forcible.

" PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

" JEAN NORBURY, Docteur en Thèologie, Chanoine et Associè
" à Eton. *Agè* soixante et huit ans.

" ETIENNE WESTON, Bachelier en Thèologie, Abbè, Voyageur,
" Versificateur, *ci-devant* Recteur. *Agè* cinquante ans.

" CHARLES COOTE, Docteur en Thèologie, Doien Irlandois,
" *Agè* cinquante et deux ans, selon la regiſtre.

" EDOUARD TEW, Bachelier en Thèologie, Chanoine et As-
" socié à Eton, *Agè* cinquante et sept ans.

" GUILLOTINES *à la Grecque*, 25 *Floreal Quintidi*, 1796.
Extrait du Registre de la Guillotine Literaire."

NARES (*f*) holds the prize and stops the Doric din,
ELMSLEY (*g*) without, and RIVINGTON within,
The volumes well arrang'd in order meet,
And all their ears *erect* these accents greet:

(*e*) Notes *Sicilian*.—JOAH BATES, ESQ. as an old Etonian, and once Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was so obliging as to offer himself as *Musical Conductor* on the occasion. Some persons may think, that the "notes *Sicilian*" allude to the Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μωσαι, but they are no musicians, if they think so. Mr. Bates's judgment naturally led him to adopt the *Siciliana* for this famous solemnity, as it is a movement slower and more marked than the *Giga*. While the *Siciliana* was playing, the combatants, before they entered the lists, approached the Critic's throne, moving in a sort of measured step. The Rev. Mr. NARES, (editor of the British Critic, and in my estimation, and I believe in that *of every member of Lincoln's-Inn*, a gentleman of worth, learning and ability, and to whom not the slightest disrespect is here intended) was appointed the judge or Βραβευς on the occasion, and beheld them without emotion, though the sight was luxuriant in the extreme.

O'er their *warm* cheeks and *rising bosoms* move
The bloom of *young desire*, and *purple light* of love.

—Had the combatants been political personages, I would have described the whole game, and the characters, and their speeches in the poem; but what interest have mankind in a few old Greek boys in gowns and cassocks.—I learned early from Cervantes the necessity of limitation and *propriety* in fiction; though this is a mere record of a matter of fact.

(*f*) I always admired the *solemn irony*, with which the Reviewers in *The British Critic* treated this *Græcian game* among the old boys. It appeared to me as if I were *at Eton again*, and saw them *had up* to Dr. Davies, who said, "Norbury, you have

"done

" Hail my fond masters of the Grecian lyre,
" Hear a Reviewer's verse yourselves inspire,
" These books are yours, (oh, heed my *tuneful* voice)
" Take'em or (*i*) d-mn'em, as best suits your choice:

" done *pretty well*;"—" Tew, you had a few faults, but *a lit-*
" *tle more spirit* than Norbury;"—" Weston, you have trans-
" lated with some elegance, but you have *no authority* for
" your genitive absolute."—" *Master* Coote, I think you had but
" one false quantity, but it is a doubtful syllable, and I shall *pass*
" *it this time.*" It is something odd, that a Westminster man should be the Judge of these old Eton boys.

(*g*) Elmsley and Rivington, two London booksellers, one famed for shrewdness, and the other for orthodoxy. Very proper assessors TO THE CRITIC. Mr. Elmsley was stationed *at the door* to keep the peace among the combatants, who were rather noisy and troublesome from their number. Afterwards Mr. Elmsley took his seat with THE CRITIC. The place of the meeting is mentioned in a subsequent note.

(*i*) D—mn 'em. *—" This (word) is to be underſtood in a *very sober and decent* sense." See Bishop Warburton's note on one of the concluding lines of Pope's Story of Sir Balaam, Moral Ep. 3. " *The devil* and the king divide the prize;" *which line* the bishop with the utmost gravity declares to be " a satire *only* " *on such miniſters of ſtate*, which history informs us have been " found, *who aided the devil* in his *temptations*, in order to, &c. " &c." See the remainder of the note, or aſk Mr. Pitt, or the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Prettyman.—This it is to be a commentator on a mere *badinage!!!* There certainly are books which

* Longinus (who gives *excellent directions* in his treatise on the sublime *for swearing to the best advantage*) observes, " Εστιν ὅ το ὀμοσαν τινα ΟΜΟΣΑΙ μεγα, το δε πῶ, και πως, και εφ' ὧν καιρων, και τινος ἕνεκα." De Subl. S. 16. The substance of which may be this; " *Swearing*, considered in itself and without reference to the matter and the manner, *is by no means an accomplishment or a source of the sublime*, and *should never be introduced*, but in the proper place and occasion, and then *only* upon the most urgent motives and for the strongest reasons." From all which it appears that discipline and instruction *in this art* are necessary *before a man can swear* as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, or a man of fashion. *Therefore*, no man should ever swear *at random* in conversation. See the Rev. Dr. Longinus's *Sermon*, as above, *in toto*; to which the Rev. Mr. Nares certainly paid due attention.

" For some are new, some foolish, and some old,
" Some pert in calf, and some *in sheets* are bold.

" Twelve British Critics, new or little read;
" Horsley's chaste sermon, (*k*) and his copper head;
" Letters from Alciphron (*l*) to cool love's flame,
" And prove Greek wh-res and English just the same;
" The Hymns, that Taylor, (*m*) England's gentile priest,
" Sung spousal at fair Psyche's marriage feast;
" The alphabet in Greek by R. P. Knight; (*n*)
" Some rules for *men* to think and study right;

which may make a Reviewer or a Divine swear *a little*. I readily excuse Mr. Nares (as I do Mr. Grubb in the farce) for being a *little hasty* in his expressions.

(*k*) See his Sermon before the Magdalens, on April 22, 1795. I wish the Bishop had put an appendix (as the fashion is) to explain a little of it.

(*l*) Translated from the Greek by the Reverend Mr. Beloe, *Divine*; and corrected by Mr. Porson, *Layman*.

(*m*) Thomas Taylor, Translator of Plotinus, parts of Plato, *the fable of Cupid and Psyche* from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the would-be restorer of unintelligible mysticism and superstitious pagan nonsense. All that Iamblichus revealed to Ædesius.—Mr. Taylor, in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, might solve the following problem; " WHETHER *a Platonic idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the squadrons of* democratical *atoms?* Rabelais, at the end of book 5. *Questions Philosophiques*.

(*n*) An analytical Essay on the *Greek Alphabet*, by R. P. Knight.—P. may stand for *Payne* or *Priapus* Knight.

" An Eton foolscap, with the game of goose
" Printed by Pote, types large and cover loose;
" An education sermon, rather long,
" By Doctor Parr, all in the vulgar tongue;
" Last, Horsley's master-piece, (†) and merry plans,
" *To accent* right *the goods* of courtezans.
" Nor books alone attend the CONQUEROR *Bard*,
" Him shall await a more sublime reward.
" Not the coarse joy a Grecian once could feel;
" *Apples* (*o*) for sauce, or *parsley* for his veal;
" No loppings from spruce firs, or barren *pines*;
" No oil from *Pisa*'s *olive*, when he dines;

(†) See a treatise on the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages, dedicated to Lord Thurlow by (Bishop Horsley). I allude to *the Bishop's pleasant comment*, p. 47, so universally admired, on the Attic Law, Εταιρα χρυσια ει φοροιη δημοσια εστω. My gallantry forbids me *to use any accents at all* upon *these ladies*, especially since the *Bishop* has shewn me how *dangerous* it is to meddle *with them*. Qu. Does the Bishop mean *Accents* or *companionable* Ladies? * (Εταιραι.)

(*o*) Apples, &c.—There is *now* such an affectation *in modern young gentlemen*, as soon as they have left their college, particularly in young lawyers and boy-members of parliament, of *forgetting their Greek* (if they ever knew any), that I shall without ceremony remind them of the ancient rewards in the Grecian games, which consisted of some *apples* consecrated to Apollo, in the Pythian, of a chaplet of *parsley*, in the Nemæan, of an *olive* garland, in the Olympic games, and of a wreath of *pine*-leaves in the Isthmian solemnity.

* In this short passage there are four personages virtually concerned; Alexander *(Aphrodisiensis)* Aristotle, Venus, and Bishop Horsley!!!! I assure his Lordship, I have as great an affection, as human infirmity can allow, for an *Oxyton*, a *Paroxyton*, or even a *Pro-par-oxyton*! Ladies never before knew the *political* importance of *an accent*.

" No ode to praise the binding of his books ; (*p*)

" No print from Sheffield of historic cooks,

" Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd shape, (*q*)

" An old baboon, or fœtus of an ape ;

" No robe, that waves in many a Tuscan fold ;

" No lawn, that wraps a bishop from the cold ;

(*p*) I am sure Pindar * very seldom had so good a subject for his *deep mouth*. Mr. B. White, of Fleet street, and Mr. Edwards, of Pall mall, booksellers, would furnish me with much better materials for an ode than Pindar's, in their florid descriptions, (*so animating to purchasers,*) of gorgeous binding and it's insignia. They would tell me of the gold from the depths of Peru and Mexico, the skins of calves and *creamy* vellum, the skins from *Morocco* of all hues, &c. &c. Think, *how easy* it would be for a true ode-writer *to bring in* the discovery of America by Columbus, a beautiful digression on the Dey of Algiers, and a pathetic touch on the slave trade for Mr. Wilberforce. A man of ingenuity finds life in every subject. Shakspeare says somewhere that there are " *sermons* in stones," or *sticks*, I forget which.

(*q*) See in the title page to the posthumous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. in 2 v. 4to. published by Lord Sheffield, an engraving of THE HISTORIAN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which his lordship declares to be " as complete a likeness of " Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, *as can be con-* " *ceived.*"!!! I have no doubt of Lord S.'s friendship for Mr. Gibbon, but why hang up one's friend in effigy to the ridicule of the present age and of all posterity ? " Figuram *animi magis* " *quam corporis* complectantur," said Tacitus ; and could Mr. Gibbon have seen this print, he certainly would have wished such a *simulacrum vultûs* as this to be *imbecillum et mortale*, or in plain English,

* Not that detestable writer, calling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom see the First Part of the Pursuits of L. p. 7. 2d Ed. 8vo.

" *There* on the rack of satire let him lie,
" Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy."

" But fine broad cloth, in choicest fashion wrought,
" By modern hands to full perfection brought;
" Tis His,—"*to wear* FOUR SUNDAYS, *in the Park*, (q)
" *The best black suit of Doctor Courtney's Clerk !!!*" (r)

glish, to see the impressions burned, and the plate broken.†—I just remind all collectors of prints, that there is not only to be had the head of Dr. Gillies, and other historic cooks, of Dr. Denman, the man-midwife, of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend to half the crowned heads in Europe, *with his age* at the bottom of the print, and of other great personages; but there are still left some choice proof impressions of the striking *head and likeness* of Mr. *John Farley*, PRINCIPAL COOK at the London Tavern, (to be had separate from his great culinary work) being all that were left unsubscribed for by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the East India and Bank Directors, and by Mr. Pitt, and the elder Brethren of the Trinity House; but I cannot *ascertain the age* of Mr. John Farley, which is a matter of the last importance, and for which I am truly sorry. The Homeric jucundity from Martial should have been the motto to our modern Mystillus;

" Si tibi *Mistyllus* COCUS, Æmiliane, vocatur:
" Dicetur quare non *T'arat'alla* ‡ mihi? Mart. Ep. l. 1.

The reader of taste in print-collecting will thank me for reminding him of Mr. John Farley's *head*, whose works are more *relished* than any traveller's or historian's that I know.

(q) Or in Kensington Gardens.

(r) I forgot to inform my reader, that the scene of action was the celebrated *Musical Room in Hanover square*, which was decorated on the occasion with appropriate scenery, laid out in *belts* and *clamps* of funereal trees, to represent a church-yard with the belfry

† I have been much interested and gratified by the perusal of the posthumous memoirs of Mr. Gibbon; and the account of the growth and progress of his studies from his own pen is peculiarly pleasing. It is an unique in biography. I am not insensible to their faults and blemishes; but without subscribing to *all* Mr. G.'s opinions, I can admire the productions of an accomplished scholar and a most original genius. He must be very nice indeed who has an objection to take a walk *in the School of Vanity*.

‡ Μιστυλλον τ'αρα τ'αλλα. κτλ. Hom. Il. *passim*.

NARES rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done)
To Weston, Taylor's Hymns and Alciphron;
To Tew, Parr's sermon, and the game of goose,
And Rochester's (*s*) address to lemans loose;
To Coote, the foolscap, as the best relief
A Dean could hope; last to the hoary Chief
He fill'd a cup; then plac'd on NORBURY's back
The Sunday suit of customary black. (*t*)

belfry, the yew tree, not forgetting *the owl*, with distant views of groups of labourers and of cattle returning home by moonlight, highly picturesque. This was the scene of the famed solemnity, where MR. NARES, with his assessors, Messrs. Elmsley and Rivington, booksellers, and the combatants, Doctors Norbury, Coote, &c. assembled. DR. COURTNEY, the present Bishop of Bristol and Rector of St. George's Hanover square, was very kind on the occasion, as the decision was made in his parish; and, *with the consent of the Parish Clerk*, made a liberal and voluntary offer of "THE SUNDAY SUIT" furnished at the expence of the parish, and which, I understand, is worn *by the Clerk* during divine service *in the morning only*, on that day, *and is very becoming*. After the morning service the parish clerk appears in his ordinary dress, *as a common man*. Such was the *Ecclesiastical suit of armour*, *made by the episcopal taylor*, and hung up as THE CONQUEROR's prize (not *pleno jure*, but *usufructuario*,) for the *Æneas* of the Sunday.

(*s*) Not Lord Rochester, but my good Lord Bishop of Rochester, Bishop Horsley's Address or Sermon to the Magdalens, mentioned above; not forgetting his lordship's *Greek prosody* for Lord Thurlow and *the ladies*.

(*t*) I must transcribe the concluding sentence of the review of these famous translations, in THE BRITISH CRITIC for March 1795, vol. p. 243. I give Mr. Nares the fullest credit for the conduct of *this solemn irony*, and confess, that I can conceive nothing superior in this species of wit. The British Critic thus concludes: "We wish to avoid *any invidious distinction*, any "undue preference. But were we absolutely called on to decide, "we

The gabbling ceas'd : with fix'd and serious look
GRAY glanc'd from high, and own'd his rival COOK.(v)

" we should *from the purest and most unbiassed motives* (see Il. 23.
" v. 615) *fill the golden cup* with the most exquisite οινος εξαιτος,
" and not considering it as left without a claimant, *by the fall of any*
" *Eumelus*, we should *respectfully place it* in the hands of THE
" ETONIAN NESTOR :

Τῇ νυν, και σοι τητο, ΓΕΡΟΝ, κειμηλιον εστω."

(v) I select this extraordinary genius, poet, critic, scholar, and orator, WILLIAM COOK, M. A. Fellow of King's college Cambridge. " I knew him well, Horatio," *melioribus olim auspiciis*. I select him, as well for the singular and *original* excellency of his performance, (though there are some oversights and even verbal faults in it) as *for the manner* in which he published it. There was a spare leaf or two at the end of his very sensible edition of Aristotle's Poetics, and *there* he printed it. Not in the pompous manner, and with dedications to Lord Chancellors and I know not whom, as some of *these old Boys* have done. I must own that in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook do seem to contend for the mastery ; but above all, in that famous stanza ;

" The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
" And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
" Await alike the inevitable hour ;
" The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

GRAY.

Α χαρις ευγενεων, χαρις η Ϛασιληϊδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσᾶς Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Παντ' ἁμα ταυτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μορσιμον αμαρ·
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο ξυνον ες Αδαν. COOK.

Bion or Moschus never exceeded, I think, they never equalled these lines. I write *this Note*, I will confess it, *with all the friendly fondneſs of an Etonian :*

HOC JUVENEM EGREGIUM PRÆSTANTI MUNERE DONO.

OCTAVIUS.

Contract your smile, and quit this playful search;
These are the lay amusements of the church,
Mere cobweb labours of their learned thought;
Though sometimes TEACHERS must themselves be taught
To weigh their office, raise their pow'rful breath,
Nor leave the world to darkness and to death.
Short be their folly: let example tell
Their life, their morals pure, and all is well.

But should proud churchmen vie in sumptuous halls,
In wines and soups, Carthusian Bacchanals,
Nor think th' unwieldy superflux to shake,
Where curates starve, and helpless orphans quake,
Wav'ring I ask, in this dark scene beneath,
Why lightnings scathe yon desolated heath?(x)

(x) The unbounded luxury and extravagance of the French and Italian Ecclesiastics should be a warning to the priests and ministers of all Christian altars, however dignified or distinguished, of whatever church or of whatever persuasion. Mankind will know and value them *by their fruits.* "For NOW *is the axe laid to the root of* THE TREE, *and every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit will* (most assuredly) *be hewn down.*" This is the warning voice which should be heard, and heard aloud in assemblies frequent and full, in churches, and in cathedrals, but chief in those twin-sisters of learning, the Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be supported *on those principles alone*, on which they were founded, and by which they have flourished.—*While* YOUR *place may yet be found*, I will honour and will hail you both,

"Mothers of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in YOUR sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades!"

But chief with pious gratitude, and with filial reverence, *Salve*, MAGNA PARENS!

And hark, the voice has thunder'd: and the word,
Borne on the blast, a trembling world has heard
In consummation dread! the bonds of Rome
Are burst, and Babylon's prophetic doom,
With more than mortal ruin headlong cast,
Proclaims the measure full: she groans her last.
From climes, (*y*) where piety no more was found,
Where superstition wither'd all around,
The rights of nature barr'd, by heav'n resign'd
To vile affections, in corruption blind,
While, in the terrors of the world beneath,
Permitted fiends of darkness round them breathe;
Britain securely fix'd, invites from high,
With charity's sedate, unalter'd eye;
The *sacred*, exil'd, melancholy band,
Passing from death and France, revere the land,
Where streams of inexhausted bounty pour,
And CHRIST still reigns, and bigotry's no more.

AUTHOR.

Blestbe the voice of mercy, and the hand
Stretch'd o'er affliction's wounds with healing bland,

(*y*) Alluding to the grand emigration of French Priests and others to England at the late revolution in France. See more in future notes.

In holiest sympathy! our best of man
Gave us to tears, ere misery well began.

Still, still I pause: goodnature's oft a fool,
Now slave to party, and now faction's tool:
Attend, nor heedless slight a poet's name;
Poet and prophet once were deem'd the same.
Say, are these fertile streams thus largely spread
A *filial* tribute o'er *a mother-bed?*
Say, are these streams (think while avails the thought)
To Rome through Gallic channels subtly brought? (z)
ROME touches, tastes, and takes; and nothing loth:
But have *we* virtues? yes, of *pagan* growth. (a)

(z) This is one of the most important points in the present situation of England and of Europe, in regard to national policy. I propose these questions. 1. *How far*, are the ministers of the public treasure of any Protestant kingdom justified in issuing large sums of money, for the express purpose of maintaining emigrant Catholic priests, AS A BODY? 2. If they are justified in issuing *any* sums, *in what manner and under what control* should this public money be expended and distributed? 3. Whether *in England at this time*, there are not peculiar and paramount considerations, which call for *wisdom and prudence* to regulate and restrain the first natural and honourable impetuosity of *mercy and humanity*, to the end that THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, IN HER CHURCH AND STATE, be preserved inviolate from open attacks, or insidious attempts?—These questions are proposed for the public security, with sobriety, seriousness, and charity *to all*, as of common importance.

Ask, where ROME's church is founded? on a steep,
Which heresy's wild winds in vain may sweep,
Alone where sinners may have rest, secure,
One *only* undefil'd, one *only* pure.
Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,
Or trumpery relics of her saints half-shod?
Lo, *Confessors*, in every hamlet found,
With sacred sisters walk their cloyster'd round:
There read the list: (*b*) and calm the fate expect,
When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.

(a) It is well known that rigid Catholics hold, that the virtues of heretics, or protestants, are to be considered in the light of pagan virtues. I think the bishop of St. Pol de Leon would agree to this opinion.

(b) See "THE LAITY'S DIRECTORY *for* 1796, (printed for J. P. Coghlan, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square) to which is added "THE COLOURS OF THE CHURCH;" words rather ominous. It is a pamphlet at the low price of *sixpence*, which I recommend to public notice, and to which I refer the reader. It is a matter of some surprise and concern, to read the list of the almost incredible number of little books and tracts at the smallest prices, published and to be published, calculated *for the general dissemination of* POPERY *in these realms*;—the fatal display of all the existing and rising Romish seminaries, Romish boarding houses, and Romish schools for youth;—the plenary indulgences (for one another:)—and the Settlements of *Nuns Professed* in monasteries erected in this kingdom, Clares, Benedictines, Sepulcharins, Austins, and Dominicanesses. Then, in this very same pamphlet, as

if

Think you, their hate unquench'd can e'er expire?
The torch not tipt with sleeping sulphurous fire?

if by a strange fatality, and in the blunder of papal metaphor, they advertise even their *drugs*. The very medicine, it seems, is papal: behold their "Laxative *sulphurated* pills (once *exhibited* in *another* form in these realms),—"The Jesuits *nervous* pill,"—The Jesuits *Balsamic* cordial." In short, *decernunt quodcunque volunt* DE CORPORE NOSTRO; body and soul, fortune and state. I understand them but too well. They know their hour, their protectors of noble rank, their opportunity, their advantages, their *revenue from the state*. They advance by approaches, not desultory, but regular. The papal genius never sleeps, no, not for a moment; but directs and animates, and acts uniformly and constantly, at home and abroad, in cities, in towns, in villages; it takes aid from stupidity and from ability, from above, and from beneath. Their bishops, as yet, are but *titular*, but depend upon it,

Per solis radios, TARPEIAQUE FULMINA jurant,
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli;

Depend upon it, I say, *they swear*—but what the oath is, I shall not take upon me to describe. It may be well understood, and, for ought I know, it is already registered.—I have compassion for the unfortunate; I have charity for plundered exiles; I have pity, and would wish and would give relief to the wretched and the suffering; I have veneration for the truly pious of every persuasion in the Christian faith. "*There is* ONE *Lord!*" But I have, and it is an Englishman's duty to have, a watchful eye upon the insinuating or domineering spirit of the Romish church. I have no opinion of the sincerity of *their* attachment to *us*, or of their gratitude for *our* favours. I insist upon it, they regard THEMSELVES as the *original and rightful inheritors of our land*. I call upon the guardians of our church and state to be watchful, and to regard with attention the proceedings of ALL the emigrants. If they refuse to hear, I wish most fervently, that Great Britain may never,

Their doctrines round a careless land are blown;
They blast the cottage, and would sap the throne.
What? are my words too warm? I love my King,
My Country, and my God! the sounds shall ring
Ceaseless, till PITT (will all his host awake)
IN OUR GREAT CAUSE a nation's inquest take;
I'll call: nor heav'n, nor man, nor laws forbid;
The City's ON A HILL, (*c*) nor can be hid. (*d*)

in the anguish of an inconsiderate spirit, say of these numerous emigrant priests, and of all the rest, sacred or profane;

Ejectos littore, egenos
Excepi, et regni DEMENS *in parte locavi!*

I send THIS NOTE into the world, whatever be it's fate, with the famous papal inscription, but without the ſpirit, of Sixtus the Fourth, to the Florentine Synod under Lorenzo the Magnificent, "IN FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM!" and the Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, and his Consistory, *resident and acting* in England, may reply to it, if they think proper.—(Written in the year 1796.)

(*c*) THE GREAT COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, AND HEAD QUARTERS OF THE CATHOLIC CAUSE, *in the Castle* or *Kings house at Winchester*, tenanted by priests, emigrant and non-emigrant, publickly maintained at the expence of the state. *Read* the preceding note. I am not speaking to those, who are indifferent about all or any religion; but to those, who from their station, political or sacred, should understand the importance of the cause, the interests of Christianity and it's purity, the evidence of history, the nature and the essential and *unaltered* spirit of the Romish priesthood, and their subtilty and peculiar arts by persuasion, or by terror over weak consciences. I am speaking to the governors of Great

OCTAVIUS.

THESE THOUGHTS ARE FOR THE STATE: enough
of Rome, 130
Her Gallic altars, and approaching doom.

Great Britain, to the ministers of the crown, who should guard, and who, I trust, will guard against the revival of the Romish Church, now working in secret; as well as againſt the more open, and more terrible democracy of some descriptions of the Dissenters. What is said to us all, is said at this hour, to ministers and rulers of states with a more important and more sacred emphasis. "WATCH, "*for ye know not* THE HOUR *when destruction cometh.*"—(1796.)

(*d*) Finally: I have to propose one plain and significant question to MR. PITT, or to any great minister of state: it is this. "Is there a single instance in the records of any modern history of Europe, where the governing and directing power of the state ever authorised, patronised, and supported with the public money, under any circumstances whatsoever, A COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, *in the heart of a kingdom*, whose tenets and principles were not only different from the established religion of the country, but were in direct opposition and avowed hostility to it?—And particularly, when it was the original and fundamental purpose and constitution of that established church, to discountenance and extinguish the superstitious doctrines and the political and ecclesiastical tenets of *that College of Priests*, so authorised, patronised, and supported by the public money, AS A BODY?" If this question must be answered, as I apprehend it must, in the negative, I maintain, (and if necessary will maintain more solemnly, if possible, and more at large,) *that* THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS IN THE KING'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTER SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED, and not suffered to stand in that offensive, conspicuous, and opprobrious

AUTHOR.

Home then I'll look; and as the numbers roll,
Warn the recumbent shepherds of the soul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if from themes so grave (*e*) you never roam,
I'll hire a gown, or send your cassock home;

opprobrious light, in the face of the country. I am really speaking in mercy to them, and to us all, if I am rightly underſtood. I would support and preserve them from every want, *privately*, and in *detached* ſituations; *but I would not ſuffer the miniſtry of a Catholic Biſhop to direct the expenditure* of that public money ſo granted, *for mere catholic purpoſes*; but with the moſt perfect toleration of all perſuaſions in religion, the Governors of the ſtate ſhould defend and exclusively *ſupport their own*. This is prudence, this is policy, this it is, to remember the beginning and progress of all great events. (1796.)

(*e*) I am not in the habit of perusing many of the various single sermons which are published; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recommending three, which I think are at this time important, and written with ability and spirit. One, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, head master of Westminster school, for the Weſtminſter Diſpenſary; another by Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff, for the Westminster Dispensary alſo, with an Appendix, containing Reflections on the present state of England and France; the appendix is of peculiar merit; and a third, "On Gaming," written with great energy, erudition, piety, patriotiſm, and eloquence, by the Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. prebendary of Winchester.

Better go, preach,(*f*) and blend with happiest care
The strength of Horsley, and the flow'rs of Blair;
You'd rise at last.

(*f*) On this subject I think it may be curious and pleasing,and perhaps useful to some persons, to see the list of the books which the great bishop Warburton recommended in some posthumous MSS. Directions for the study of Theology, which Bishop Hurd published in the 4to edition and in the 8vo supplement to his works. I refer to the tract, and merely give the books in the divisions,and order in whichWarburton placed them.—" Locke on the HumanUnderstanding : Quintilian's Institutions.—Grotius de Jure belli et pacis; Woollaston's Religion of Nature; Cumberland on the Law of Nature; Cudworth's Intellectual System.—Maimonides Ductor Dubitantium; Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus : Walton's Polyglott Bible; Critici Sacri.—Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity; Burnet de fide et officiis Christianorum; Grotius's Comment on the Gospels; Locke on the Epistles; Joseph Mede on the Apocalypse; Episcopii Instituta Christ. Theologiæ; Limborch's Theologia Christiana; Grotius de Veritate Religionis Christianæ; Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, 1st. ed. Limborch de Veritate Religionis Christianæ Amica Collatio cum Erudito Judæo, i. e. Isaaco Orobio; Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants a safe way to salvation; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, 4 first books. Taylor's Liberty of Prophecying; Stillingfleet's Irenicum; Locke's Letters on Toleration; Bayle's Comment on the words " Compel them to come in."—Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; Collier's Church History; Fuller's Church History; Sleidan Commentarii de statu Religioniset Reipublicæ Carolo Quinto Cæsare Commentarii; Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation; Dr. Clarke's Sermons, Dr. Barrow's Sermons; Sermons du Pere Bourdaloue."

The Second Part of these directions could not be found; but it may surprise some people to hear that BishopWarburton's vigorous

AUTHOR.

How strangely you mistake;
The dream deceives not, when the man's awake.
Once in the morn of life, a wizard said;
" He ne'er shall rise by benefice, or trade;
" But find, remote from consequence or fame,
" A local something, and a shadowy name;
" Shall brave neglect; in England's cause contend,
" Hopeless himself of virtue, but her friend;
" Through crowds shall mark his solitary way,
" Ardent, though secret, and though serious, gay;
" Erect, without a pension, to his end
" Unknown, unheard, unhonour'd shall descend;
" Bow to no minister for golden views,
" His portion, memory, and best gift, the muse."

OCTAVIUS.

This of yourself?

AUTHOR.

intellect regarded this plan, *but as an introduction* to the study of Theology. *Hæc limina* VICTOR ALCIDES *subiit*! Through such a vestibule did this high-priest pass INTO THE TEMPLE,

AUTHOR.

Tis so.

OCTAVIUS.

You're turn'd plain fool,
A vain pert prater, bred in Erskine's school:
Talk of yourself?

AUTHOR.

I *talk*, friend, to be heard:
Mere *talkers* now, not writers, are preferr'd.
Look at that paper: (*g*) if you print the speeches,
Pitt seems George Rose, or, like Sir Richard, preaches,
Nor tone, nor majesty, nor patriot fires;
Methinks the wit of Sheridan expires;
Lost in Dundas the Caledonian twang,
Though Pitt, and port, and property he sang;
Print negro speeches, and in reason's spite,
Lo, Wilberforce is black, and Francis white;

(*g*) Any newspaper, or report of the Debates.

Who wonders at buffoons, or Courtney's joke?
And we scarce slumber, though Sir William spoke;
'Tis Grey and grumbling; Curwen (*h*) all and clatter;
And Dent (*i*) and Dogs; and Pewter (*k*) pot and platter.

Shall I not *talk?* Few politics will *read*,
Though Lauderdale should sketch his Scottish creed: (*l*)
But mercy now to ministers is shewn,
And Pitt is sav'd by writers not his own. (*m*)

Yet all shall read, and all that page approve,
Where public spirit meets with public love.

(*h*) All the changes rung upon feudality, and tyranny, and I know not what, when the Game Laws were discussed at the close of the laſt parliament, April 1796, on the motion of Mr. Curwen.

(*i*) Alluding to the long debates on the *Dog and Bitch* bill, brought into parliament in 1796 by Mr. Dent. The bill is a little allegorical, sometimes unintelligible, and often ludicrous. If Mr. Pitt means, that taxes should be an object of *wit*, I shall soon expect to hear Mr. Sheridan, in the House, call the District of Downing street "The Borgo Allegro."

(*k*) This is another curious subject brought into the House in April 1796, and shews that Mr. Fox has eloquence of all materials and of all metals. Gold, for his pension; brass, for his opinions; and pewter, for his conſtituents.

(*l*) See his Letters to the Scotch peers.

(*m*) Mr. Pitt will underſtand what I mean.

Thus late, where poverty with rapine dwelt,
Rumford's (*m*) kind genius the Bavarian felt;
Not by romantic charities beguil'd,
But calm in project, and in mercy mild, (*n*)
Content with peace, and practicable good;
Where'er his wisdom guided, none withstood,
Round him the lab'rer throngs, the nobles wait,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the state.

Yet *all shall read*, when bold in strength divine,
Prelatic virtue guards the Christian shrine,
Pleas'd from the pomp of science to descend,
To teach *the people*, as their hallow'd friend,
In gentle warnings to the unsettled breast,
In all it's wand'rings from the realms of rest,
From impious scoffs and ribaldry to turn,
And Reason's age by reason's light discern,

(*m*) See the Experimental Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical, by BENJAMIN, *Count of* RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c. &c. I hope the Directors of the interior government of this country will have the sense to profit from this most valuable and important work, whose truly philosophic and benevolent author must feel a joy and self-satisfaction, far superior to any praise which man can bestow.

(*n*) A distinguishing feature in all his plans for the relief of the poor, the idle, the abandoned, and the wretched.

Re-fix insulted truth with temper'd zeal,
And find that joy, which WATSON best can feel. (*n*)

What uncouth names a politician owns:
One Jasper Wilson, and one Abram Jones. (*o*)
Godwin's dry page (*p*) no statesman e'er believ'd,
Though fiction aids what sophistry conceiv'd;

(*n*) See the important, convincing, and eloquent letters addressed to Thomas Payne, author of the *Age of Reason*, 2d Part, by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, stiled "An Apology for the Bible." Every person wishes that the Bishop had changed, or even would now change, the word "Apology" to "Defence" or any other: not that the word apology is absolutely improper, but because the original meaning of it is obsolete. To write such a book as this, is to do a service to mankind. N.B. A cheap edition of it is printed, and it is hoped, will be circulated throughout the kingdom.

(*o*) Two assumed names of political pamphlet writers, instead of the signatures of Brutus, Cato, &c.—but it is a foolish custom.

(*p*) I have given some attention to this work of Mr. Godwin's "ON POLITICAL JUSTICE,*" as conceiving it to be the great code of improved modern ethics, morality and legislation. I confess I looked not for the republic of Plato, or even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for something different from them all. I looked indeed for a superstructure raised on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine; and such I found it. I cannot discuss a work in two large volumes in a note, (though some would dispatch it with a single word) but in general I can speak as much of it, as it deserves, in a short compass; I mean, as it appears to me.—The first trait of the work is, a certain

* First published in 2 vols. 4to. and since in 2 vols. 8vo.

Genius may droop o'er Falkland's (†) funeral cry;
No patriot weeps when *gifted villains* die.

tain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the philosophers of the new sect, which I would describe, if Mr. Burke had not done it already. The next thing observable, is, a most affectionate concern and regard for the welfare of mankind, who are to exist *some centuries hence*, when the *endless perfectibility of the human species* (for such is their jargon) shall receive *it's completion* upon earth; when the disciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to *manage the winds* and direct their currents at pleasure, and the descendants of Abbè Sieyes have calmed the waves of a stormy people with the oil of democracy. Another trait is, that all political justice is essentially founded upon injustice; if plunder, robbery, and spoliation of all property *in the outset* may be termed injustice;* though to be sure the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I must say, he is not without some kind apprehension, that the population of states may be too great under the blessings of *equal diffusion* of property under the proposed government, for which he provides a remedy; though, for my own part, I think such a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the necessity of eating up its children. Again: another discovery seems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourse to the agency and interference of the Deity and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a stone to the ground, the germination of a blade of grass, or the propagation of the meanest insect; we are *now* to discard the superintendance of God in human and terrestrial affairs, and to believe and trust *in no providence but our own*, and to re-make ourselves and our faculties. He seems to realise a modern fiction, I once read, which supposes an assembly of certain philosophers before the Deity, when some of them are said to whisper in HIS ear, "Between friends, we do not believe that

"YOU

* i. e. If Mr. G's principles are to be adopted in any country, where property is *now* secured *by the laws*.

(†) A character in Mr. Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams*, written with an evident allusion to his work on Political Justice.

Well pleas'd, as once, who now peruses MOORE? (r)
Safe, *if not sound*, he comes from Gallia's shore:

" you exist at all." Further: as to suppose a divine sanction without a divinity, would be absurd, *therefore*, every institution, such as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed to the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified, ridiculed, argued away, and abolished: and *as a corollary*, a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents, and love to children, *as such*, are to be erased from the breast. Gratitude for kindness, and tears for the unfortunate, are but weakness; there is nothing soothing in compassion, and friendship has no consolation. It would seem, that a well of water, an apple tree, or any thing *productive* is more valuable than man to man, *abstracted from the mere use* which one man can derive from another. " These are thy gods, O Israel, and this is the worship to which you are called!"—Nevertheless I shall still venture to mention the great moral code, intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by HIM, *who knew what was in man*. There all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindness, benevolence and comfort, alike to him that gives, and him that takes; there man plants, and God, not man, gives the increase; there we find no wild supposition of an interest which cannot be described, as it does not exist; no actions without a motive direct and reflected. I speak here of perhaps the least part of the Gospel Code, *as having the promise of the life that now is*. But if we regard mere human institutions: if a man wishes to see *a practicable* system of policy and government, founded and confirmed in the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile led astray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a season in the steady light which Blackstone has diffused. Let him study the Commentaries on the English Laws, as they exist and uphold all that is valuable, or perhaps attainable, in a rational and civilised nation. Then let him consider the theories of Godwin on political

His page I mark, yet know not how to call,
His wit and reas'ning's so equivocal;

tical justice, and contemplate the government which would be raised on his principles. To me there seems to be no more comparison than between light and darkness. What the great Burnett † affirms of the Deist and Atheist, considered merely as two sects in philosophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the two political sects in question. "The hypothesis of *the Deist* reaches from top to bottom, both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear and distinct light every where; is genuine, comprehensive, satisfactory; has nothing forced, nothing confused, nothing precarious; whereas, the hypothesis of *the Atheist* is strained and broken, dark and uneasy to the mind, *commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational, and sometimes plainly ridiculous.*"—I can allow Mr. Godwin and other speculative writers on government to be ingenious; they must in the course of their investigation throw out some *new* ideas; but in general the greatest part of their works consists of old ideas which have been discussed again and again. They astonish by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by prospects unbounded; and when they have alternately heated and confounded the minds of men, they call them *to the great work*, namely, the subversion of, what they call, prejudices, and the overthrow of the government, *which is.* "In nostros fabricata est machina muros." I can laugh at their metaphysics, and even be pleased with their fancies, *as such.* But when I know that their theories are designed to be brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, bloodshed, revolution, and misery, and that truth and happiness are their objects; I open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear, and having honestly exerted both faculties, I declare, from private con-

† Burnet's Theory of the Earth, b. 2. ch. 10.—See the tenth and eleventh chapters of that great man's work, "On the Author of Nature, and on Natural Providence;"—a master treatise of reason and eloquence. I wish these two chapters were published in a separate pamphlet.

Till journals leave no scrapings on his file,
And compilations, nothing to compile;

conviction and from public experience, I oppose the admission of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Payne or William Godwin.——Yet a moment; take Mr. Godwin as a *natural* philosopher. What opinion can we entertain of a man who seriously thinks that, at some future period, the necessity of *sleep in an animal body* may be superseded:—that men die merely by their own fault and mismanagement, but, that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might be attained by proper attention and care:—or who thinks "that, hereafter it is by no means clear, that the most extensive "operations may not be within the reach of *one* man, or to make "use of a *familiar* instance, *that a plough may not be turned into a* "*field, and perform its office, without the need of superintendance !!!*" and then adds, "It was *in this sense* that the celebrated Franklin "conjectured, that "mind would one day become omnipotent "over matter!!!"—Godwin, vol. 2. p. 494. ed. 8vo. I have quoted from the last edition of Mr. Godwin's book, as he has corrected or omitted many passages which were in the 4to edition. If he will but go on with *more last thoughts*, I think he will shortly reduce it to a very little pamphlet. I could make such a collection of *Beauties* (or what Rabelais might call "*Antidoted* "*Conundrums*") from this work, as would dazzle even a modern philosopher, whose "mind is omnipotent over matter," in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's sense. I think these *Beauties* would form an assemblage of the most curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited, fully sufficient to "rouse (any man) from "the lethargic OBLIVIOUS POOL, *out of which every finite intellect* "*originally rose!*" (vol. 2. p. 88. 8vo ed.) Good heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by such ideas, and such words?—But I cannot detain the reader any longer with Mr. Godwin. The further I proceed, the more I learn to distrust swelling men and swelling

On all his motley labours as I pore,
Forc'd I confess, "there spoke *the dubious* Moore."

Who now reads PARR? whose title who shall give?
Doctor (*s*) *Sententious* hight, or *Positive?*
From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In mazy progress and eternal round
Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buzz through his wig, and give the bush more grace.

swelling words, and swelling ideas, but above all in political subjects, from which most is to be dreaded. And I hope that even Mr. Godwin himself, "when he has looked (again) upon all "that he has made and mapped out, will (at last) say no other "but contrary to the divine word, THAT IT IS ALL VERY "FOOLISH."†

(r) John Moore, M.D. author of the Travels in Italy and France, Journal in France, &c. Zeluco &c. &c. &c. I speak of him merely as a public author. His ſtyle is easy and his wit is playful. But I often dislike *the tendency* of various parts of his writings on the French affairs.

(s) Though the reader may poſſibly have a very good idea of a sententious or positive doctor, in general; yet my specific allusion is to the theology of the twelfth century, when the Doctors were divided into *Doctores Dogmatici et Positivi* and the *Doctores Sententiarii*, or expounders of the famous Book of Sentences by Peter Lombard, *Bishop of* Paris.—At present *Bishop* Gregoire and *Bishop* Sieyes at PARIS, give *their Doctors* some famous books of Sentences to expound, *notis et commentariis perpetuis* DOCTORIS GUILLOTINI, who causes great unanimity of sentiment among the Doctors, and *arranges their several heads* with admirable precision.

† Words from Milton.

He prints a Sermon: (*t*) Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects, with critic dignity.
Words upon words! and most against their will,
And honied globules dribble through his quill,
Mawkish, and thick; Earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and *crouded galaxies*; (*v*)

(t) The unfortunate Education Sermon, which Bishop Hurd, happened to dislike. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*! This produced the re-publication of Warburton's and Hurd's tracts, with the splendid and astonishing dedication by Dr. Parr. See the first part of this poem, l. 241 note *(l)*, p. 31, Second Edit. 8vo. See also Rabelais's great Chapter, "How Gargantua spent his time in *rainy* weather," and the comment by Du Chat.

(v) See the Dedication of Warburton's tracts, p. 151 &c. with all the display of beautiful earthly and cœlestial imagery, and all the *melliti verborum globuli*, which were exhibited on the occasion. Dr. Parr's strange *verbiage* reminds me of some persons in *The Wasps* of Aristophanes;

Λυχνους εχοντες, και μινυριζοντες μελη
Αρχαιομελησιδωνοφρυνιχηρατα.

315. Σφηκες.

The Doctor can construe *all this*, I believe, and the meaning of it. —Dr. Parr is so very learned, and has such a deep mouth, that some conjecture he was not born *till the end of the eleventh month*, like the great Gargantua—or περιπλομενου ενιαυτου, at *the end of a twelve month*, as Homer speaks (Od. xi. v. 247.) of one of Neptune's children, and for which Aulus Gellius, (a favourite author with Dr. Parr) gravely assigns a reason, "Convenisse Neptuno "majestatique ejus, ut longiore tempore satus ex eo grandesceret." Lib. 3. Cap. 16. επει ουκ αποφωλιοι ευναι Αθανατων!!!* — A few months after the Doctor's birth, he was found, like Gargantua to be "a fine boy, and *had a burly physiognomy*; he monochordized with "his fingers, and *barytonized* with his tail." Rabel. B. 1. C. 7.

* Αθανατοι, I suppose, may mean Doctors in Divinity.

Polemic phrenzy and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence, deform the page.
Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
Not insignificance itself can scape:
Horace and Coombe (*x*) go forth, a gentle pair,
Splendid and silly, to unequal war;

This was a presage of *the noise* the Doctor was to make hereafter; but from the nature of his *boyish* diet, (for his masters were stiled Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus) it appeared that he was better *fed* than *taught*. If the child wanted a bit of bread, or a slice of mutton, or a common cabbage, he was not suffered to have any, till he *had quoted all the authors* who ever had mentioned these *natural* substances, Pliny, Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Plato, Aulus Gellius, Ælian, and Dioscorides, down to Buffon and Sir J. Hill. This habit *the child* never lost in his riper years, to the great edification of his hearers or readers, when he was furnished with pen and ink. When he was advanced to the Doctorate, *the child* was still the same, as appeared in his complimentary and satirical preface to Bellendenus, in which, as usual, he *discharged all the literary food he ever eat*, after the Greek fashion of his masters Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus, and as prescribed by that great and consummate Theologian "Joanninus de Barrauco in libro de copiositate reverentiarum," a writer who cannot be sufficiently recommended, and who is as well known as "MUSAMBERTIUS in Commonitorio ad Ramiresium de Prado," quoted by Mr. Porson in his title page to regale Archdeacon Travis.

(*x*) See the ridiculous controversy between Doctor Parr and Dr. Coombe, about a pompous edition of Horace, published to

But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
The Gorgon glares, and blasts the critic's bays.
Parr prints *a Paper*; (*y*) well; in all things equal,
Sense, taste, wit, judgment: but pray read *The Sequel*;
Sequel, to what? no mortal cares or knows,
Morsels of politics, most chosen prose,
Of nobles, Priestley, Plato, Democrats,
Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and rats.
The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half-pence, and for Doctor Parr.

OCTAVIUS.

Well, if none *read* such works, yet all admire—

be sure for no purpose that I can discover; which the Doctor Positivus mangled and destroyed in the British Critic without any mercy. See also Dr. Parr's strange Letter to Dr. C. on this occasion, signed "By an Occasional Writer in the British Critic."

(*y*) Dr. Parr published at Birmingham what he called a "*printed Paper*;" and after that, "a Sequel to a *printed Paper*," a very large pamphlet, *de omni scibili*, as usual.—N.B. I really think it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability (and Dr. Parr has both,) who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. Parr.—*In nullum reipublicæ usum* ambitiosâ loquelâ *inclaruit*."—I have done with him.

AUTHOR.

The paper?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes; ten shillings every quire. (*a*)
The type is Bulmer's, *just like* Boydell's plays,
E'en Mister Hayley shines in Milton's (*b*) rays.
In one glaz'd glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets vie:
Shall hot press'd nonsense lose it's dignity?

AUTHOR.

Nonsense or sense, I'll bear, in any shape,
In gown, in lawn, in ermine, or in crape.

(*a*) Not Dr. Parr's paper or printing; which in some of his works is sometimes scarce legible; but the general needlessly expensive manner of publishing most pamphlets and books at this time. See the Pursuits of Literature Part 1. v. 241, note *(l)* p. 31. Second Edit. 8vo. If the present rage of printing on fine, *creamy*, wire-wove, *vellum*, hot-pressed paper is not stopped, the injury done to the eye from reading, and the shameful expence of the books, will in no very long time annihilate the desire of reading, and the possibility of purchasing. *No new work whatsoever* should be published in this manner, or Literature will destroy itself.

What's a fine type, while truth exerts her rule?
Science is science, and a fool's a fool.
But where true genius points the path to life,
When fame invites, and prompts the noble strife,
Her temple's everlasting doors unbarr'd,
Desert is various, various the reward:
Avaunt, pale envy, and the rival fear,
And little jealousy and ill-tim'd sneer.

Methinks on Babylon fond fancy dreams,
Her vale of willows by the mournful streams,
WhereHebrew lyres hung(*c*) mute!—o'er Sion's hill
Blows the chill blast, and baneful dews distill. (*d*)

(*b*) Mr. Hayley wrote a long life, or rather a sort of a defence of Milton as I think, prefixed to Boydell's grand edition of the poet.

(*c*) "The banks of *the rivers of Babylon*, the Euphrates, &c. were so thickly *planted with willow trees*, as the learned Bochart informs us, that the country of Babylon was thence called "The Vale of Willows," and on those trees were suspended the lyres of the captive Hebrews, neglected and unstrung."

See PERSIAN MISCELLANIES, by William Ouseley, Esq. 4to. p. 101. abounding with learned, pleasing, and curious information. It is one of those works, which not being adapted to general reading, should be patronised and purchased by men of fortune and education. I beg leave for the same reasons, to recommend the very learned, and ingenious MR. MAURICE'S *Hist. of Hindostan* in 4to. and his Indian Antiquities in 8vo. The subject is indeed in the region of fancy and of conjecture. Mr. M's work abounds with both. But such erudition, such ingenuity, and unremitting industry, should not fail of an honourable reward. *Sint* HIC *etiam sua præmia laudi.*

Where is the charm, that sense to virtue binds?
The social sympathy of learned minds,
The common int'rest, universal cause,
And all that piety to genius draws?
How sweet to hear, on that Parnassian mount,
Mild waters welling from the favour'd fount:
Oh, never may Castalia's streams divide
From Siloa's brook, and Jordan's hallow'd tide.

But hark, what solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales!

(d) I read with the greatest concern, the following passage in the very learned, ingenious, and venerable bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greatest men which our times have produced. Dr. Hurd says; "*Bishop* LOWTH's reputation as a writer was raised chiefly on his *Hebrew* Literature, as displayed in *those two works*, his "Latin Lectures on the Hebrew poetry," and his "English version of the prophet Isaiah." The former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of *criticism not above the common*; the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, *as it shews how little may be expected* from Dr. Kennicott's Work, and from a new translation of the Bible for public use." Pref. to Warb. 4to edition, p. 94. The necessity of any observation from me, in this note, is precluded by a very able Letter to bishop Hurd, occasioned by his Strictures on archbishop Secker and bishop Lowth, by a member of the university of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader.

Lorenzo rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
The Muses starting from their trance revive,
And at their Roscoe's bidding, wake and live. (*e*)

(*e*) See "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, by William Roscoe." 2 vol. 4to. I cannot but congratulate the public upon this great and important addition to Classical History, which I regard as a phænomenon in Literature, in every point of view. It is pleasant to consider a Gentleman, not under the auspices of an university, nor beneath the shelter of academic bowers, but in the practice of the law and business of great extent, resident in a remote commercial town, where nothing is heard of but Guinea-ships, slaves, blacks, and merchandise, *in the town of Liverpool*, investigating and describing the rise and progress of every polite art in Italy at the revival of learning, with acuteness, depth, and precision; with the spirit of the poet, and the solidity of the historian. It is pleasant to consider this, and for my own part, I have not terms sufficient to express my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amusement and information I have received. I may add, that *the manner* in which Mr. Roscoe procured, from the libraries at Florence, many of the various inedited manuscripts, with which he has enriched the appendix to his history, was singularly curious: not from a Fellow or Traveller of the *Dilettanti*, but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment. I shall not violate the dignity of the work by slight objections to some modes of expression, or a few words, or to some occasional sentiments in the Historian of a Republic. But I recommend it to our country as a work of unquestionable genius, and uncommon merit. It adds the name of Roscoe to the very first rank of English classical Historians.

Manet hunc pulchrum suafama laborem,
Musarum spondet chorus, et Romanus Apollo.

The LATIAN GENIUS vindicates his state,
And proudly hails the great Triumvirate, (*f*)
Lords of the lyre, and fathers of the song,
In Fancy's order as they pass along.
There musing deep in philosophic groves,
His Tuscan Academe, (*g*) LORENZO roves;
While prophets of his great reviving name,
From isles of fragrance and Athenian fame,
Sages and Bards in classic pomp appear:
BESSARION, (*h*) and FILELFO's (*i*) form severe;

(*f*) Dante, Boccacio, and Petrarch.

(*g*) See Mr. Roscoe's account of the institution of the Platonic Academy at Florence, and the Platonic festival, and the effects of it. Vol. 1. p. 160, &c. &c.

(*h*) Cardinal Bessarion, a learned and eloquent prelate, honoured with the purple by Pope Eugenius the 4th in 1439.—For the most ample account of the restoration of Greek literature in Italy the reader must consult the learned Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, Linguæ Græcæ literarumque humaniorum Instauratoribus, which may easily be procured, and, if convenient, Tiraboschi's History, which is voluminous. Tiraboschi was the Librarian at Modena.

(*i*) Filelfo.—A Professor in various sciences in different parts of Italy, who introduced many curious Greek MSS. into that country; a man of erudition, but turbulent and untractable in his temper. "Ingenium vagum, multiplex, volubile." See also the Academie des Inscriptions, tom. 10. p. 691—751.

MARSILIUS, (*k*) rob'd in olive, Plato's priest;
And JANUS (*l*) fraught with treasures from the East;
And He, who from Eleusis flaming bore
The torch of science to his native shore,
Fam'd CHRYSOLÒRAS; (*m*) and LANDINO (*n*) bold,
In studious shades high converse form'd to hold;
POLITIAN, chief of all th' enlighten'd race
In Lydian softness, and Horatian grace;
And MICHAEL, (*o*) whose bold hand the gods direct,
The sculptor, painter, poet, architect;

(*k*) Marsilius Ficinus, the great disciple of Plato, whose doctrines alone occupied his attention or rather devotion, and which appeared in all his conduct and conversation.

(*l*) *Janus Lascaris*, a man of eloquence and politeness, and of imperial descent. He was a literary missionary of Lorenzo, and brought with him from the east a treasure of two hundred manuscripts. See also Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, p. 249. for several curious particulars.

(*m*) Emanuel Chrysolòras, stiled by his contemporaries, the Patriarch of Literature, principally the Græcian.

(*n*) Christophero Landino, a Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric in Florence, a writer of spirit and depth of knowledge; and author of a work, once celebrated, called the "Disputationes Camaldulenses," formed on a plan similar to the Tusculan disputations. The scene supposed, is a monastery in the wood of Camaldoli. The account of it by Mr. Roscoe, is particularly pleasing and judicious. Vol. I. p. 103, &c.

Michael, to Britain dear, so Genius spoke,
When his last praise from parting (*p*) Reynolds broke:
And all whose brows, with ivy grac'd or bays,
Brighten'd their LEO's visionary days.
Names, which I long have blest, nor blest in vain:
Oh, were I number'd in their sacred train,
To realms of purest light, where heroes dwell,
Her bolder notes the willing Muse should swell
In lyric intonation, grave and deep,
Nor dream with folly, nor with dullness sleep:
To Cowper and to Gyffard leave the rod,
For songs cœlestial, and the Delian God;
Then calmly to the secret mount retire,
Bid Satire glance on folly, and expire.

(*o*) Michael Angelo Buonarotti. It would be superfluous to say any thing here of so great a man. I wish however to refer the reader to Mr. Roscoe, v. 2. p. 201, &c. who seems to give animation to any subject, new or old.

(*p*) In Sir Joshua Reynolds's final address to the Royal Academy, as their president, he concluded an able panegyric on the mighty master, by saying that the last word he wished to pronounce from the Chair was "MICHAEL ANGELO." It was a word heard by the audience with the deep silence of regret.—It absolutely repairs me to talk of these great men. Such is the power of departed genius!

OCTAVIUS.

Give me my Sabine grove, tir'd Horace cried;
For Cumæ thus the great Aquinian (*q*) sigh'd:
But when wild waves, and wars, and tempests rage,
Ah, who can find the soft Saturnian age?
'Tis your's *awhile* to frown on classic toys,
Black-letter bags, or hoary *seventh-form* (*r*) Boys;
Awhile to war with dunces, fools, and knaves,
Hirelings of state, or opposition slaves,
And all who dare profane the MUSE's dome;
With idle random fierceness they may foam,
None shall HER column's stately pride deface:
The snake winds harmless round the marble base. (*s*)

(*q*) Juvenal was born at Aquinum in Italy.

(*r*) The modern Commentators on Shakspeare (see Part 1. of this Poem. p. 35. 2d Edit. 8vo.) and the translators (not quite *The Septuaginta*) of Gray's Elegy into Greek. See P. 3. v. 1. to v. 60.

(*s*) My friend Octavius means by this allusion to observe, that *the proper*, constant, and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents, must ultimately resist the malignity of criticism, and rise superior to temporary neglect, in any department of literature, of government, or of society. And as I concluded the first part of this Poem with a sentence from Swift, I wish to recommend another from that great master of life, as obvious perhaps, and as little attended to. The sentence is this: "*It is an uncontrolled truth*, that, NO MAN EVER MADE AN ILL FIGURE, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS OWN TALENTS, NOR A GOOD ONE, WHO MISTOOK THEM."

END OF THE THIRD PART.

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